

AN
ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE THE
MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES

OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON,

JULY 5, 1858.

BY JOHN S. HOLMES.

TOGETHER WITH
THE SPEECHES AT THE DINNER IN FANEUIL HALL, AND OTHER CEREMONIES
AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE
EIGHTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

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CITY OF BOSTON.

In Board of Aldermen, July 7, 1858.

ORDERED: That the thanks of the City Council be, and they are hereby presented to JOHN S. HOLMES, Esq., for the very patriotic and eloquent Oration by him delivered before the Municipal Authorities of Boston, on the occasion of the Celebration of the Eighty-second Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, and that a copy of said Oration be requested for publication.

Read twice and passed. Sent down for concurrence.

J. M. WIGHTMAN, *Chairman.*

In Common Council, July 8, 1858.

Concurred.

S. W. WALDRON, JR., *President.*

Approved, July 10, 1858.

F. W. LINCOLN, JR., *Mayor.*

I N T R O D U C T I O N .

It was the prediction of the patriot statesman, John Adams, that the Fourth day of July would be a memorable epocha in the history of America, to be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. His prediction has been verified, and the eighty-second anniversary of American Independence has been celebrated throughout the land with praiseworthy enthusiasm.

It is the peculiar pride and honorable distinction of the City of Boston, however, to have observed for seventy-six years with appropriate and becoming ceremonies, each recurring anniversary of the birth of liberty upon this continent.

In consideration of this fact, it seems highly proper that a more durable memorial of the municipal proceedings at each successive celebration of this day than the papers of the day afford, should be prepared, and that a continuous official record, from year to year, should aid in keeping alive those sentiments of patriotism which actuated our forefathers in obtaining the freedom which it is now our great privilege to enjoy.

No previous celebration, it is believed, has been more successful, or presented more interesting features than the present, whether we consider the brilliancy of the day, the freedom from accidents, or the universal enjoyment which seemed to prevail; and it is on this account especially deserving of remembrance.

No attempt has been made in the following pages to give anything more than a correct report of the oration at the Music Hall, the speeches at the dinner, and a brief and plain recital of the interesting events of the celebration, gleaned from the published accounts of the day, assisted by personal recollection.

ORATION.

O R A T I O N .

FELLOW-CITIZENS :

Eighty-two years ago yesterday, there was assembled in convention at Philadelphia a body of men, selected from all the people of the land, as the foremost in intelligence, in integrity, and deliberate patriotism. For more than a month the great question of National Independence had been, in motion and resolution, before them; and the hour had come when the determined wisdom of that convention was to declare the fate of the thirteen American Colonies. The vigorous action of Massachusetts, under the quick memory of her immediate wrongs, and the concurrent will of North Carolina — into which, one by one, the whole array of the Colonies marched, “keeping step to the music of the Union” — had made it certain that no weak opinion, no unmanly counsel, would rule the hour that governed the destiny of the country. The day had come. Groups of grave men gathered anxiously about the old hall where that Congress sat. That morning

the calm face of woman was troubled, and startled children stared in vacant wonder, their toys idle in their hands. All were in expectant waiting for that great action by which a *nation* should be established among the kingdoms of the earth. Not that any one feared that the ultimate result would not be a Declaration of Freedom; but until, one by one, the members of that convention had written themselves down — traitors against tyranny, heroes in all patriotism — there was the lingering fear, incident to the uncertainty of human events, that it might not be. It was done. The old bell in the State House at Philadelphia “rang out the first peal of American liberty;” the bells of an hundred spires caught the sound; it was flung by myriad voices on the listening air, and village and town, as the sound rushed on, lifted higher the cry, till the whole land became vocal with the word — Liberty. Every twelve-month from that day, the grand echo of that national voice has been heard throughout America. From the icy, granitic North, down through the savannas of the tropic South; from the eastern wave of the Atlantic, to the shore of the far Pacific; from a thousand great cities, from ten thousand great towns; by the hills of New England; along the Alleghanies; against the rocky battlements of our western coast — that echo has been sounded again and again. To-day we hear it; and to-day we lift up our solemn acclaim, and give the energy of our hearts and voices to that majestic sound

which shall ring in equal and repeated reverberations over this land — as we devoutly pray, as we truly believe — until the strength of the hills shall wither, and the great seas shall perish, and human freedom shall be lost in a higher and nobler creation.

On this day of national rejoicing — the only day in the whole year when we cease to be individuals, and become Americans, forgetful of local prejudice and wrong, and party and sectional strife, to mingle in a common gratitude, and to share a common pride in the great, unexampled prosperity of the whole land — on this day, as nothing can be dearer to us than the continuance of that national prosperity, which depends, under God, upon the union of these States, I propose briefly to consider some of the *dangers which threaten the stability of the Union*.

Although the American Colonies were separated from England not more by distance than by substantial differences in polity, manners, and religion, yet the sentiment of the Colonies, until the close of the French and Indian war, was one of strong, unwavering loyalty to that great, venerable nation. The Americans were proud of their ancestry, proud of “the mighty living and the mighty dead” — of the glory of their arms, the magnificence of their literature — proud even of the faults and weaknesses of the Anglo-Saxon character — and not lightly or easily were the bonds loosed that held them together. As the rooted fibres of the

cornel and myrtle, which grew out of the body and grave of Polydorus, wept purple blood as they were rudely broken, so one by one the ties of allegiance, of friendship, of pride, of power, between England and America, were severed by the angry folly of Grenville and Townsend and North — the Parcæ of the reign of George the Third — the hearts of the people of both countries were greatly saddened and disturbed. Even after long and bitter irritation — after the revival of the Navigation Act; the passage of the Stamp Act; the tax on paper and glass and tea; the Boston Port Bill; the Boston Massacre; the struggle at Lexington and Concord; aye, even after that glorious battle of Bunker Hill, whose name is like the blast of a trumpet — after thirteen long years of “patient sufferance of an attempt to establish an absolute tyranny over these States;” after enduring all the wrongs and outrages which the Declaration of Independence so vigorously sets forth — after all these, the Continental Congress presented a petition to his most excellent Majesty, professing that “they were attached to his person, family, and government, with all the devotion that principle and affection could inspire,” “and most ardently desired, not only that the former harmony between Great Britain and the Colonies might be restored, but that a concord might be established between them on so firm a basis as to perpetuate its blessings, uninterrupted by any future dissensions, to succeeding generations

in both countries, and to transmit his Majesty's name to posterity adorned with a signal and lasting glory." Great States stood still — great and good men hesitated, as the final hour approached — the people were reluctant to speak the last stern word which put England away forever — but with the lofty courage of great minds, "appealing to Heaven to attest the justness of their cause," the Declaration was made and uttered with a voice that startled the world, "that these Colonies were joined in one body for the preservation of the liberties of America," and thus the last lingering sentiment of loyalty was utterly extinguished. There then sprang up in the American mind the latent sentiment of Patriotism — the love of country as such — that firm devotion to her being, her authority, her happiness, which has made the names of Adams, and Otis, and Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, and Hancock, household words among us — words of beauty, words of power. There then sprang up in full life and strength "the sympathy of race" — the sympathy to which every American felt himself united to his countrymen in every fortune and for any destiny. This was the moving force of the Revolution. This nerved the father as he looked for the last time in the face of her whose smile was the brightness of his home and his life; this stilled the voice and dried the eye of the mother as she buckled the belt around the boy she had borne beneath and ever in her heart; this

broke every pride and bent every purpose to the one great, solemn thought of freedom. After long toil, and suffering, and many battles, America, "with *native* honor clad," stood independent, sovereign, among the nations of the earth. Her Constitution was established in doubt, in some danger; but the patriotic temper of that day yielded to compromise for a greater, for the common, good — that which could not be won by violence — and that great political miracle was wrought, which no foreigner but De Tocqueville has understood or interpreted, of a combination of villages and counties and States all independent and self-dependent, yet all resting each on the other, and all alike poised on one great central force. This delicate adjustment of powers and rights has borne the jars and tumults of nearly three quarters of a century, and yet moves well. But there are signs of a decay of the spirit of American Revolutionary patriotism. The general weakness of the country, thoroughly impoverished by the long war with England, and the lust of wealth excited by an open trade with the world, early gave a strong commercial impulse to this people, which has widened and deepened, as the triumph of our arms, and the more peaceful triumphs of our naval architecture, have enlarged the extent and power of our commercial enterprise. We have grown to be the first commercial nation in the earth. We hence have grown to be a pecuniary people — loving money —

bending the best energies of our lives to its accumulation — sacrificing youth and health and strength to the pursuit of gain. It is true that in this pursuit many great virtues have been developed — (the honest merchant and the agriculturist are the best citizens of a State) — it is true that by it many great energies have been stirred. It has made the American an universal man, so that wherever a man can go, he will go; whatever a man can bear, he will suffer; whatever a man can do, he will attempt. By this commercial spirit broad States have been created, and the bounds of our empire stretched from sunrise to sunset. But it tells upon the patriotism of the people. It tends to reduce everything to a commercial standard; to measure everything by its present availability; to give principles and men a market value; and has even led some to estimate the price, the cost of maintaining the mother of us all — the Union of the American States. It makes us niggardly in the performance of our duties to the State. It prefers individual comfort and thrift to public prosperity. It is impatient of the restraints of public service. It tends to the establishment of an aristocracy of wealth, which is dangerous to the State, as it is necessarily mean, selfish, and aggressive, and rests upon such distinctions and differences in society as are directly antagonistic to the first principles of democracy. We do not spurn riches, if they come as the well-earned gain of honesty, courage,

and intelligence, as they are the result of labor, the fair recompense of energy and integrity; but when wealth becomes the *end* instead of the *means* of the life of a man or a nation, it irritates, it degrades, it corrupts. "A mercantile democracy," says Landor, speaking through Panoëtius, "may govern long* and widely; a mercantile aristocracy cannot stand." For the duties of all citizens are equal, as all have equal rights; and when aught makes a man prefer his personal ease or good to that of the State, and to repose upon eminent respectability away from but not above the people, or his duty to the people, and to consider that paying for government is quite enough for him, without the trouble and discomfort of attending the assemblages of the people, or of mingling in the crowd at the polls, or losing time, money, or pride, in acting the part of a true republican — whatever does this, destroys the spirit of patriotism, and loosens the bonds of social order, and delivers the State to a certain doom. If the men of eighty-two years ago thought thus, felt thus, acted thus, where should we be now—"under which king?" The old silver—the household treasure—the garnered clothing—the secret comforts of a thousand homes, were given to the first year of Revolutionary strife: and by the contributions of women and children the American army was often sustained and saved. Our government is to be preserved by a like temper. We must remember

that there is no public gathering of American citizens, into which the proudest may not enter with a more than Athenian pride; that there is no question that concerns our political state so small that it may not command the respect and attention of the highest mind; that there is no office among freemen so lowly that it may not bring honor to him who holds it; that there is no public duty that does not challenge our best endeavor and our quickest obedience.

A painful illustration of the decay of patriotism among us is found in the irreverent tendency of the time — our careless indifference to the associations and memory of the past.

The present, burdened with its instant cares, attracts our attention. We have little reverence for those events or persons not immediately useful to our present happiness or purpose. We are oblivious of our obligations to that past upon which our greatness and prosperity rest. The grand story of American History was begun before we were born, and the great men who were its chief actors and narrators have been gathered to their noble reward. We stand just outside of the personal authority of those great captains and statesmen, and are blindly, foolishly indifferent to the influence of their names and actions, as moving the power of association — one of the subtlest, strongest forces that can stir the human heart and life. We all feel it, but we do not recognize its importance enough

to give it a permanent presence. Who ever returned to the old roof-tree after years of absence, and did not cross the old threshold with a hearty benediction — who ever wandered among the graves of kinsmen and friends, and did not feel his eyelids grow heavy with the tribute of grateful tears — who ever stood where men have wrought great deeds in love of our common humanity or for “country, God, and truth,” and did not feel his heart move with an unselfish nobleness kindred to theirs — who ever stood beside the grave of Washington, and did not feel the “warm gale and gentle ventilation” of the breath of the spirit of Liberty, pronouncing the high duty and destiny of the true American citizen? And yet what have we *really* preserved to ourselves and our children of that treasure “which cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire?” Where are our memorials of the great past? *To-day*, the very tomb of the Father of this Country is a thing of bargain and sale between the miserly descendant of a great name and the eloquence of Massachusetts, uttering words that throb in the hearts of the matronly pride and maidenly beauty of South Carolina and Virginia. Where is the tomb of the elder Adams, the Nestor of the Revolution? Whose feet have worn a path to it? The grave of the great Jefferson lies still and unfrequented as the grave of a village hind. Monroe till this hour lingered in a borrowed tomb. The “Old

man eloquent," the Spartan son of this State, slumbers beside his father, and shares the common forgetfulness of his greatness. The remains of Samuel Adams lie under the sidewalk of Tremont street, and shake beneath the tread of unthinking thousands. The bones of William Wirt moulder in the graveyard at Washington, as unmarked as the ashes of Marshal Ney. Franklin, whose intellect circles the world every hour, is hidden in a recess of the Arch street burial-place in Philadelphia. And while I speak, a great, sovereign State is searching for the body of its best hero, whose words were deeds; whose life was spent in the name of Almighty God and the Continental Congress. How think you the spirit of the past is to be preserved among us? Greece had her Marathon and Platea, and kept them by her perpetual tribute to the greatness of the dead and the lofty honors she gave to the living. Rome had her temples and triumphal arches, and gorgeous processions, and crowns of laurel, and statues of heroes — "the monuments of former greatness and pledges of future glory," and through these kept clear and strong the vestal fire of her patriotism, and perished only when her sons forgot the State and became selfish followers of personal vice. "The Swiss peasants for five hundred years after their independence," says Alison, "assembled on the fields of Mortgarten and Laupen, and spread garlands over the graves of their fallen warriors, and prayed for the

souls of those who had died for their country's freedom." France has her great Hotel des Invalides and her Legion of Honor, and every Frenchman turns to the tomb of Napoleon when he thinks of France, as the devout Arab turns in prayer toward the tomb of Mahomet. England has her Westminster Abbey, where lies the dust of an hundred trophied generations of greatness. But where are our memorials of the great Past? There is Faneuil Hall — there is Bunker Hill with its monument — *but where are all the rest?* It is idle to say that our schools and colleges and institutions are the only adequate representations of the power of Freedom, and that he who would love America must linger among these and learn her greatness from her present happy prosperity. Not so — this is but the fruit of that harvest long ago sown in tears and blood — this is but the benign result of a labor earlier and stronger than ours. The Present rests upon the Past — the Future rises out of it. If we would be true-hearted, pure-hearted Americans, we must honor and revere the great events and names that dignify the Past. We must raise statues and monuments, and celebrate the birthdays of the great men and great events of that time, and fill the land with constant reverence for their greatness. We must so speak of them that our children may learn to emulate the patriotism of our fathers, and that the strangers within our gates, who come hither with a full memory of the

honors that are heaped in the Old World upon its bravest and best — of the triumphs that welcomed its Nelson, and the sorrows that deplored its Wellington— may find here in the true land of heroes, a higher and nobler appreciation of human worth, and a purer and more grateful recognition of the labor it has accomplished.

Another danger to the republic arises from a misconception of the office and end of government. It has been said that the best government is one that has the fewest laws. It would be better to say that the best government was one under which the people were most prompt in obedience, most sincere in allegiance to the law, for there never was a permanently good government with permanently bad subjects. The fundamental idea of the American government is reverence to law. The Puritans came here because they regarded certain laws of God as they interpreted them to be higher and more authoritative than certain laws of man. They revered the one too much to live in disobedience to the other, so they came here, as their first declaration says, “for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith,” and erected a form of government that has been scarcely modified in this State since their time. Obedience to the divine law was the basis of that government; they framed their rules of human conduct with direct reference to man’s spiritual allegiance. There was great, moment-

ous reason in the stern, undoubting belief of the Puritan that all power is of God, and is to be revered as becomes its high origin — that law is but an exhibition or exemplification of that power, and that obedience to it is a necessary part of moral duty. We have wandered far from this belief. The idea of many now is that government is altogether a human institution, created, sustained by the people, and that they, as the source and fountain of political power, are supreme. It is now held that obedience to and reverence of government are to be determined always and only by individual taste and judgment, from which there is no appeal.

But when and where did that great convention meet, which by solemn vote declared that government would be useful, and that it was proper and expedient that it should be established among men? Man was not shipwrecked into this world like a political Robinson Crusoe, and left to find out by strategy and device how to live. When two people stood together on the earth, government was established — by a necessity of nature — by a divine decree anterior to conventions and constitutions, stronger than all parchments — and man cannot escape from, though he may violate that decree. Reckless passion may overturn government; anarchy may rule the hour: but the excess of anarchy compels the reestablishment of government — the excess of popular

passion imperatively demands order. The French Revolution ended in a despotic rule — the riotous lawlessness of vagabonds and villains in California compelled the institution of an orderly and quiet government. With us government is impossible unless it controls the will and commands the respect of the people. For ours is a government of law, and only of law. We never see government except as it executes the authority of law — it arrests, imprisons, punishes those who disobey it, but otherwise we never see its palpable presence — it is a sword in the sheath — it is lightning hid in the cloud. No armed bands, no troop of gorgeous menials, no titled lackeys, no regal retinue, no stately presence commanding the obedience of the hand or knee, meet our eyes; but one man — the greatest among us — looks like his fellows, and every one goes his own way and does his own pleasure and selects his own rulers, and honors whom he likes, and reposes with absolute faith under the invisible but dreadful authority of law, which surrounds him like a political providence, and holds every man, the lowest equally with the highest, within its beneficent keeping. Hence, whatever disturbs the reverence of and obedience to law in this republic threatens its stability. The two great dangers which lie in and express the common misconception of the office and end of government are — the one, on the part of government itself — the en-

deavor to extend and maintain its authority by yielding to apparent popular feeling and prejudice; the other — the opinion on the part of the people that government was created by them and for them — to hew their wood and draw their water — to suit every man's purpose, and subserve every man's convenience. The sagacity of the wisest of every nation but ours has kept some things in mysterious secrecy, has flung a holy awe about places and persons and events, or has hedged them round with a divinity none dare penetrate. To us all things are open. We see the wheels impinging on wheels, and look along the dizzy line of motion till we find to what end all this power moves — whether it be to a State honor or in a national sympathy — whether it turns this man out and that man in — whether it revolves half a man into the fraction of a senator, or twirls a great statesman out of a great place for one whose absence is more eloquent than any other man's presence. Hence, if those who stand in the names and dignity of the State or nation forget their place and duty, the authority of government is directly, visibly disgraced. I appeal not to party feeling on this day, but remember how often and how much your faith in, and reverence for, those in the best and most honorable positions has been shaken by their base subservience to prejudice and their cowardly indifference to duty; remember how often this has

been made, both in State and nation, a government of men, instead of a government of law and for law. This degradation of place and power, I call a misconception of the office and end of government. I could, but will not, call it a harsher name, though no man ever bent the authority entrusted to him to private or party purposes without deserving the traitor's doom and the traitor's fate; and no man can, while he plays with the narrow guile and uses the foxy craft of a politician, stand in a position of public honor without deserving that doom and daring that fate. Whatever planks are hereafter put into those platforms or rafts by which men endeavor to escape from a sinking party, I devoutly hope that these may be firmly nailed — that no mere politician shall be deemed worthy of any office, and that no man who cannot and does not earn an honest living outside of politics and party shall have an honest man's vote for any place of public trust, profit, or power. Away with the herd of common suppliants for popular favor — away with the mob of those who take to politics as the last resort of lazy dishonesty — away with the crowd of garrulous boys who talk themselves into sweet favor with enthusiastic girls, (and hence, it may be, into Congress,) — away with all hangers-on of party, of *all* parties — camp followers who, avoiding all danger, gather their plunder amid the strife of battle, and thrive upon the destinies of better men.

Let us have only good men and true men in place. Following the noble injunction of the pious Robinson, the spiritual father of the Puritans, "Let your wisdom and godliness appear by choosing such persons only as do entirely love and will diligently promote the common good." Thus shall we strangle the brood of vipers that crawl about the cradle of our liberty — thus shall we utterly destroy one form of the danger which threatens us.

Again, the people have learned to regard government as a private power to be used by the citizens and for the citizens, forgetful that the State is more than, higher than the citizen, and that he has but the right of one, and can give but the allegiance and reverence of one. She carries all in her great, generous heart, and must give to all equally a mother's gracious love and care. Hence, as our feelings or passions inspire us, we seek to make government a great agricultural society, or a great temperance society, or a great anti-slavery society, or a great humanitarian organization, as best serves the occasion of the hour, or best suits our prevailing purpose. But government has no such office or duty. It is designed only for the protection of social order, by keeping one man from wrongfully interfering with another, and by binding all in love and reverence to one common centre of authority. If government attempts more, it trespasses upon personal or religious

rights, over which it has no legitimate control. For as man has a nature with social relations, so he has a soul with higher and infinite relations, which can never be confounded the one with the other; and national and State governments, as they have authority only over the one, cannot interfere with the other without great wrong and danger. There is a higher than human law which supremely governs our direct relations to God; there is no law higher or more authoritative than human law to govern our social and political state. But all laws are equally derived from one source, and rest in a common authority; for the essence of human law is as that of the divine law — 'tis but the rule of order — the direction of human freedom in obedience to order, and you cannot wrongfully disturb a man's obedience to the one without harming his reverence for the other. If we do not regard the law as it stands, if we do not regard it as law, we offend against the State, we offend against the nation, we offend against God. Not that I would say all laws are just — that tyranny and wickedness may not have often declared that to be right which is positively wrong. But there is given to every people an ultimate authority over law; with some it is the last stern necessity — the "ultima ratio" — revolution; with us, it is in the ballot-box. If a law offends you, change it by the pure force of public will. If enough are not agreed,

“bide your time”—it will come if truth and right demand it—and then change the law for the better. But stir no useless anger, array no merely factious opposition, lest you bring upon yourselves a greater evil than you deprecate—a disregard of *all law*—a contempt of all authority—an irreverent and unpatriotic spirit toward the great, the *sole* foundation of this State and of all the States—which is the law of the land.

A pregnant illustration of the popular feeling about government is found in the increasing desire that the judicial office be made elective. It was a singularly happy thought—rather, it was a sagacious prophecy of future danger—which led to the three-fold separation of the power of government into the Executive, Representative and Judicial branches—each as distinct as hand, and eye, and will, yet all agreeing in a common purpose—to keep and protect the liberty of the State and of all the States. This grand distinction among the powers and duties of government has been lost in the partisan discussion and action of the day. It has even here, in the old, revered Bay State—ever the last to lend herself to that which did not concern the common good—been attempted that our judges should be elected by the people, and for a limited time. This I regard as the boldest attack upon the true liberties of the people for an hundred years. Who, of all the honored

men that have borne the title of judge in this State, from the eldest till now, but has kept his intelligence and integrity pure and strong for the common benefit of all? Who has degraded himself and stained with dishonor the lofty seat he has filled? And yet those who have the greatest fear of the law, as they best deserve its righteous penalties — the politicians of this State, and equally thus in other States — are endeavoring to bring to the market the office of judge, and to put the judicial ermine upon a level with the skin of a rabbit. Within our memories have incompatibilities been found where none existed, and offices confounded, and places given to fools that had before been filled by honored wisdom. If we surrender this, the chief — I may say the *only* — conservative part of government, to those who are seeking for selfish ends to pervert government to their own uses and the prosperity of party, let us know — let us ever remember — that we are parting the strongest bower-anchor of the Constitution — that we are breaking in pieces the truest compass, and flinging to the winds the best chart of the noble old ship. Let Justice descend from her pedestal — let her eyes discern between the well-favored and homely — let her scales be jostled in the crowd — and how long will men trust her decisions? how reverently will they repose under her authority? No; better far destroy your household gods than

despoil the Temple of Public Justice. You may weep in sorrow over them ; but a nation — the world — feels the profanity of that touch. You may burn your own little handful of books ; but fire not the library of the Wisdom of the World.

Again, we are endangered by a partisan and sectional temper. The existence of parties is essential to the political health and strength of every form of free government. In continued unity of opinion the public mind would stagnate. There must always be honest difference of opinion as to the wisdom and patriotism of measures of government, and the fitness of rulers and legislators. To adequately express that difference there must always be a broad, vigorous party feeling and strife.

You all remember how quickly, after the fact of American freedom was recognized by the nations of Europe, the people of this country, flinging aside their arms, rushed into a national discussion of the powers and rights of government, and the relations of the several States to each other, and of the confederate authority over each and over all. The great principles of the Constitution have been discussed ever since its establishment, with ardor and learning, and even yet, after so many great minds, with patriotic zeal, have given interpretation to that noble instrument, there remains a large extent of power within and under it, to be applied to the arising exigencies of increasing national

and State rights. The complexity of our government, or rather the numerous relations, which every citizen sustains to his vicinage, to his State, and to the Federal Government, compel discussion, and force men into the generous hostility of party. In the free, open examination of measures and men lie the safety and strength of our popular institutions. Every man here is a sovereign, crowned with a royal authority of speech and vote; and so long as the ends he aims at are his country's, God's, and truth's, so long will every voice be like a war-cry, and every vote like a bullet against foreign or domestic foes. But when allegiance to the principles of party — (and I speak not of ephemeral organizations that now and then grow out of the disappointed ambition, or the o'ervaulting pride or shallow conceit of some selfish politician, but of those great national parties which have, which *should*, and which *will* again divide the affections and suffrages of the people) — when that allegiance becomes partisanship, and principles are forgotten in the heat of party temper, and a man comes to love party *more* than country, then he strikes a traitorous blow at the genius of American Liberty, and kindles a flame that threatens the destruction of this, her magnificent abode and temple. And is not this partisan temper growing among us? Is there not a violence of feeling, language and sentiment in our public discussions, which is like the excitement of the chase? Do not the

leaders of parties play to the popular prejudice, and yield to the passions of the multitude? and do not the people too blindly give themselves up to the selfish aggrandizement of these demagogues? Are not men politically named, as such a man's men, and do they not wear his livery with complacent meekness — aye, and rejoice to be ranked among the *followers* of a *man* — a *politician* — forgetful that the ruler among us is the servant of the people — that we, the people, have the dispensation of honors and gifts, and that no man can grow above the rank of an American citizen, in which dignity we are all equal? Is there not a visible lessening of adherence to principle — of loyalty to right? Do not men change their public opinions in the twinkling of an eye, and rush with unpatriotic ardor into the ranks of the largest party, so as to be sure to be on the triumphant side? Success allures more than constancy. I do not applaud the sentiments, but I ever admired the courage, of those men who, year by year, we have seen come up to the ballot-box, and, amid jeer and laugh, drop a useless vote, but one according to the dictates of their consciences. Did I say useless vote? No! not so; for no man ever did boldly that which he honestly believed right, but his own heart grew nobler and his nature expanded with a loftier energy. Out of such men you make heroes and martyrs, and one day the world feels their power. This partisan temper tends

to make us sectional in our political feeling, as it narrows our political duty to the bounds of party and substitutes for a broad, all-embracing patriotism, a devotion to the interests of a part, and not the whole. It makes us selfish and aggressive, and to believe, or at least to act, as if government was ordained for *our* interest, to satisfy *our* wants, and sustain *our* peculiar ideas. Besides, as partisanship leads to allegiance to leaders of a party, the sentiment of the party is necessarily controlled by the policy and opinions of those leaders, and men, seeking their own fame and fortune, and availing themselves of their position to excite local and sectional jealousies and discontent, have embittered the relations of men and States, so that now we speak of the North and of the South, the East and the West, as if there were but four great States in the Union, and each had its own separate, diverse interests, and the only unity between them was the result of contiguity.

Already this sectional temper is so strong that men have estimated — so far as their weak reason could compass it — the value of the union of the American States, and have considered how well the North could thrive if separated from the South, and the East if divided from the West; and have affixed a market price upon institutions and laws, and resolved the glorious memories of the past into coin and merchandise. Already men have talked of “letting the

Union slide." Letting the Union slide!— a base figure of speech!— a *baser* thought! There stands under the shadow of a great mountain in New Hampshire a lonely, half-ruined cottage, whose inmates, hearing the crash of a thundering avalanche, fled from under the old roof-tree, the shelter of their birth and childhood, and all the mingled joys and sorrows of life, and rushed to certain doom. That old house still stands, a monument of their fear and cowardice. Their safety was under the roof builded by their fathers. If they were to perish, better far to die within the old household walls, to be crushed with all the sad and joyous memories of home, and find there with a common tomb or monument. So let it be with us. When this Union *shall slide*, let us be found within it, and not without it. God grant that all the great memorials of the patriotic past—the graves of our sires—the few and feeble monuments of their fame—the greater illustration of the power of the freedom they established—our schools, our seminaries of art, learning, and religion—all we most prize and cherish—all the land has and is, may together slide into a common grave and destiny. Let no marauding bands of politic villains live to thrive upon the ruins of this great Union. May one doom sweep us all into forgetfulness and dark oblivion. This sectional temper has wrought more evil than many wise men can heal. It has exasperated into a furious frenzy quiet citizens,

who, in their thrift, had no especial care for the movements of political power; it has stirred the feeble-minded into a fear of an oppression that never existed, and roused the timid into an alarm as causeless as the careless burning of a bonfire. There are among us men who live upon alarm and terror; who fatten upon public tumult, and find no peace in the still movement of ordinary political life. Take away their power of disturbance, and they would die from the want of means to live, or come, as their *proper* destiny is, to inhabit the madhouse or workhouse. There is no meaner animal than the *professed* philanthropist, who, under the pretence of feeling for public and political wrong, gathers to *himself* a *good* living, and leaves the objects of his charity as they were, and *where* they were, as the sentimental capital of his future harvest. And out of this sectional temper of the time, there has arisen a lusty crowd of such partisan philanthropists, who work like rats in the dark, and coadjutant with the selfish politician above ground, live and move to one end — to blindly, foolishly destroy the united, essential power of these broad States. Perhaps such vermin *must* exist, but let the heel of every honest American be upon their heads.

We have briefly and imperfectly discussed the several dangers which to us seem to threaten the stability of the American Union — the decay of patriotism in the excessive commercial spirit of the people; the

disregard of events, of men and principles ; the misconception of the office and end of government, and the sectional and partisan spirit of the day.

Yet who can doubt that the Union of these States shall last as long as the divine purpose that established them ? Look at the great movements of time and events that were necessarily anterior to the erection of this government. Centuries had to pass before the great tide of civilization, which from the garden eastward in Eden — spreading with seeming ebb and flow, yet with constant progression — reached these shores, bearing on its crested wave the heroic Columbus, the pilot of that greater company which came hither to lay the foundation of a new Western empire. Generations of statesmen had to live and spend the energy of their wisdom upon theories and forms of government. Nations had to grow to greatness and totter to their fall ; dynasties and kingdoms had to contend with every form of human passion, and yield to every form of decay incident to human weakness and vice, before this people could be created. For there is a positive relation of human events, one to another. The great moral and political forces of life act as certainly as the great forces of nature ; they are but a higher development of nature, and are obedient to the same authority as that which has set the stars in their places, and given perfume and beauty to the flowers of the field. And thus, from the first

patriarchal government to the creation of our own republic, all things conspired, all things wrought toward it. The greatness of our day rests upon foundations broader than the Pyramids, more venerable than the Temple of the Sun. We believe that the labor of our political life and institutions is not yet finished; that we have not reached the full development of the power within us; that we have not yet accomplished the magnificent destiny assigned us. Here where there were no crumbling ruins of old establishments; no monumental stones or storied arches, the remains of an ancient and extinguished glory; no places consecrated by priestly ceremony or the authority of kings — upon a broad, open space that never had been builded upon or occupied by human government, the will of God laid the foundations of these great States, and erected them into One — the proudest, noblest temple of human liberty that the world has ever seen, or ever shall see. The wrath of man, the folly of man, may mar its beauty; neglect may dim the lustre of its ornaments; violence may deface its altar, and tumult disturb its worship; but the massive walls and knitted roof of that temple cannot be shaken; its gates shall be thronged, and its service shall be ministered, so long as the largest freedom of man is necessary to the purposes of God.

Let us, then, on this day, lift up our hearts in thanksgiving; let us commemorate the virtues and

patriotism of our fathers; let us render our grateful thanks to Heaven for the blessings bestowed upon that virtue, and the triumph given to that patriotism; let there be enkindled in our hearts a noble emulation of their goodness, that we may worthily inherit and purely transmit their greatness to distant generations. Let us all this day renew the vows of our allegiance to the eternal principles of Truth and Liberty. Let the sun go down upon better men and better citizens, who will be animated by a deeper, stronger, purer devotion to our great, our common country.

DINNER AT FANEUIL HALL.

T H E D I N N E R .

THE dinner was provided in accordance with an established custom, in Faneuil Hall. Under the direction of Messrs. Lamprell and Marble, who had been entrusted with the various decorations of the city, the main stairway of the Hall was tastefully arched with flags. From the centre of the ceiling in the interior, was suspended a twelve-pointed star of red, white, and blue bunting; from each point of which stretched a staff terminating in a spear-head of gilt, with the American flag attached. In the centre of the star was a large gilt eagle, grasping with his talons the American shield. From the star to the galleries stretched heavy festoons of bunting, while the doors and windows were draped with the flags of different nations. At intervals about the galleries were placed panels upon which were inscribed in gilt the names of the several Presidents of the United States, and between these were shields bearing the names of the various States of the Union. Surmounting the clock, a small arch of velvet and gold bore the name of Washington. A large triple arch was erected over the eagle in the eastern gallery, upon two columns decorated with American flags, and bearing a representation of ancient battle-axes in gilt. The large

arch was inscribed with the motto, "The Cradle of Liberty," while the smaller arches were respectively distinguished by the mottoes, "July 4th, 1776," and "July 4th, 1858."

At about two o'clock, the procession, numbering some eleven hundred persons, entered the Hall, and after a blessing had been invoked by the Rev. Dr. LOTHP, the Chaplain of the day, sat down to an excellent dinner, prepared by Mr. J. B. Smith, the well-known caterer.

At about three o'clock, the company having satisfied their appetites with the repast, the Hon. FREDERIC W. LINCOLN, Jr., Mayor of the City, rose and delivered the following address :

We have assembled, Citizens of Boston, in our own Faneuil Hall, to participate in the celebration of another anniversary of American Independence. We have laid aside the sober cares of our several daily avocations, to join in that general jubilee which is so becoming to a great and united people.

This morning's sun shone upon thirty millions of freemen exulting in the peaceful and full enjoyment of a greater number of blessings than has ever before been vouchsafed to man.

The act we commemorate placed the United States in a proud position as a member of the great family of nations. Its influence has extended further than that; for while it conferred happiness upon a great community, yet it has modified and changed the policy of every civilized people, and is destined to go on until constitutional governments and the rights of men shall be universally acknowledged.

If there is any section of this country that should glory in the day, it is this Commonwealth and our own beloved Boston. Here the great struggle of the Revolution com-

menced; our soil first drank the blood of its martyrs; on yonder heights was the first great battle fought; our streets first witnessed the insolence of the foreign foe; and from our wharves his first great mortifying defeat, as begging permission to quietly retire, after a protracted siege within its sheltering walls, his discomfited army, with its craven-hearted retainers, took their hurried departure, and sailed down the waters of our beautiful bay.

Massachusetts men were in every great battle of the Revolution; the bones of her sons lie mingled with the soil of every field of the conflict; but her enemy never again attempted to make our State the theatre of war, or trusted their armies to the mercy of a people who had driven them so ignominiously from her shores.

The foe gallantly met them in other scenes and in distant parts, but they had already seen enough of the mettle of her Puritan stock, not to hazard another effort at subjugation in the midst of the firesides and homes of her patriots.

The men of Massachusetts heard the first gun of the Revolution within her own limits; they struggled then, and through all that eventful war, in every section, for the common cause, and only ceased their efforts when the royal army at the siege of Yorktown laid down their arms, and their submission was received by one of her own generals. The valor which Massachusetts displayed in the field was only equalled by the wisdom which distinguished her in the council. The eloquence of her civilians prepared and sustained the hearts of the people for the contest, and nerved their arms and strengthened their sinews for those deeds which astonished the world.

The patriotism which led her into the conflict, and, with the coöperation of her sister colonies, carried her successfully through, has ever continued, and is as strong now as at any period in her history.

The people of Boston in town-meeting assembled, at the

conclusion of the war in 1783, resolved that the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence should be constantly celebrated by a public oration; and to-day we have listened to the seventy-sixth which has been delivered under the auspices of its municipal authorities. I believe it can be said to the credit of Boston, that it is the only municipal organization which has, without a single exception, celebrated in this manner this great national event.

These orations, while necessarily partaking somewhat of the personal feelings and opinions of the different individuals who have officiated, have still in the main been a true index of the spirit of the times in which they were delivered; and they have been of incalculable advantage in keeping in remembrance the heroic deeds of the fathers who achieved the independence of the nation.

Let us, then, fellow-citizens, dedicate the day to none but the most fraternal feelings for all sections and parties of our common country. Let party names and sectarian prejudices be banished from our thoughts on this national festival. Let us all swear unflinching allegiance to the great principles of the Revolution, leaving the particular application of those principles to public measures, to other occasions, and to other days in the national calendar.

In the progress of events we must occasionally differ upon momentous questions affecting the public weal. Controversies will come with free thought and free speech, and are in themselves signs of a healthy political organization; but to day we recognize each and all as brothers and patriots, heirs of the same glorious inheritance, and alike responsible to transmit it unimpaired to posterity. Let us here, in old Faneuil Hall, surrounded by all its interesting associations, solemnly assert our loyalty to that Union of the States which makes us one people, and the sacred regard to the Constitution as established by the fathers, and expounded by its most illustrious defenders.

Let us feel that our duties correspond with our privileges, and remember the old maxim that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

The occasion is one of congratulation; let us give full play to the emotions of the hour.

The star-spangled banner, the emblem of the free, floats this day not only over a vast republic, but is seen by admiring eyes upon some mast-head in every sea. Every American's heart beats quicker as it is seen aloft dallying with the breeze. Let us see to it that its ethereal blue shall never be soiled by any stain, nor the brilliancy of its stars be obscured by anarchy or disunion. In behalf of the City of Boston, I bid you all, guests and associates, a cordial welcome to-day to the "Cradle of Liberty," and to the festivities of this occasion, and will close with proposing this sentiment:

The day we celebrate — The most memorable day in the history of the past; each returning anniversary shall add to it a new significance, as it beholds a great and prosperous people enjoying the rich legacy bequeathed by the fathers, and resolved in their turn to transmit it to their sons.

At the conclusion of the Mayor's address, which was warmly applauded, "Hail Columbia" was played by the band.

Col. JONAS H. FRENCH, the Chief Marshal of the day, who also acted as Toast Master, then announced

The first regular toast.

The President of the United States — May wisdom direct his councils, and under the auspices of the Constitution, may he exercise his high prerogative with discretion, honor, and fidelity.

In response to this sentiment, the following letter was read:

WASHINGTON, June 19, 1858.

DEAR SIR : I have had the honor to receive your "official invitation to participate with the City Government of Boston in the celebration of the approaching anniversary of American Independence."

I should be much gratified were it in my power to accept this invitation, and therefore deeply regret that public business will confine me to this city for several weeks to come.

Feeling much indebted to you for the kind and courteous terms which you have employed in extending the invitation,

I remain, yours very respectfully,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Hon. F. W. LINCOLN, Jr., Mayor, etc.

The second regular toast was :

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts — May her ancient glory and ancestral fame ever remind her sons that their highest duty rests upon the platform of their broadest patriotism.

His Excellency, the GOVERNOR, upon being introduced to the audience by the Mayor, responded to this sentiment as follows :

He said it would be impossible for him to be insensible to the honor conferred upon him in being called upon to respond to the sentiment which had just been pronounced. He would thank the citizens of Boston who were present for the reception which that toast had received at their hands. He confessed that he had experienced an inexpressible pleasure in participating, for the first time in his life, in the celebration of this anniversary by the city authorities of Boston; for, though often heretofore invited to join in the municipal celebration, yet never before had it been his privilege to be present. He was proud to say that the occasion was quite equal to the expectations he had formed of it.

There were many reasons, individual as well as official, why he was pleased to join with the citizens of Boston in the commemoration of this day. He begged leave to say that he

helped build this city himself. In its darkened shops, upon the printing presses and engines which have contributed so much to its glory, he gave the toil of his youth, and were it necessary, he could still return to them. Those localities he never passed without emotion. Although subsequently admitted to the profession of the law — of which the orator of the day was so distinguished an ornament — his memory still reverted with pleasure to the days which he passed in those workshops; for there, with those who were associated with him, were passed many of the happiest hours of his life.

The Commonwealth has many reasons for cherishing the reputation of this metropolis. It was this city which was foremost in creating that merchant marine that has done so much for the wealth of the State; and Massachusetts can never forget the unswerving patriotism with which the Boston boys sustained her rights and her liberties during the long and desperate struggle of the Revolution. The Commonwealth cherishes the renown of the great and successful efforts of the merchant princes of Boston to harmonize the conflicting interests of commerce and manufactures, which together have accomplished so much for the prosperity of the whole country. And worthy of the incidents in the brilliant history of the City of Boston, was the establishment of an official and formal commemoration of the anniversary of our national independence — an anniversary which in less than eighteen years will be commemorated by fifty millions of people.

Remarks had been made to-day which inclined him to a consideration of those political views to which patriotic and national sentiments and thoughts would lead us upon an occasion like this; but the Mayor, treating him as a guest, had forborne alluding to those topics, and in so doing had acted rightly. This day belongs not to the City or to the State, it is consecrated to the Union of the States, and is the property of all men throughout the world. We may cherish the

recollection of the historic glories of Boston and Bunker Hill, but we may never forget that Georgia, Carolina and Virginia stood side by side with New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts. We must remember that Lee and Jefferson, as well as Hancock and Adams, are to-day citizens of no State, but "bright particular stars" in that galaxy of statesmen who fashioned for us the glorious heritage of the American Union, which to-day numbers thirty-two independent States. We must regard these as great, distinguishing facts; and when in the light of these facts we look back to the past, and the labors of those who are gone before us, remember that there is a God who still lives, and holds us to the performance of the duties of the future, and to the maintenance of the principles of liberty, as exemplified in the lives of our fathers.

The American Revolution did much more than give to an intelligent people a chance for the establishment of well-regulated constitutional liberty. It placed them many centuries in advance of the people of all other States, and of all parts of the world. It cannot be, looking from this high stand-point, and considering the privileges we are enjoying, that the past is the only light to which we can look, or that the light of the future is not as open and encouraging as was the future of those who have gone before us. As he had remarked before, suggestions occurred to him, which he would, under ordinary circumstances, like to give utterance to, but his position and the character of the day impelled him to forbear.

He would close, by returning thanks for the compliment paid to the Commonwealth, and for the opportunity afforded him of attending this celebration, and express the hope that the prosperity which has fallen upon the City of Boston may still be retained by her citizens, and the honor of the metropolis continue as bright as it was in the day when its fathers strove for the liberties of the country.

The third regular toast was :

The Memory of Washington.

After a dirge by the band, the company standing, the Mayor remarked that it was fitting that the most illustrious of living orators should reply to a sentiment in honor of the most illustrious of the dead, and introduced the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, who spoke as follows :

MR. MAYOR: I feel greatly honored by the manner in which you have called upon me to respond to the toast given to the memory of Washington. I have elsewhere thought it right to say, that to be named in connection with him is an honor so far beyond any desert of mine, that there would be a degree of vanity in thinking it necessary even to disclaim it. You will give me credit, if not for the self-knowledge and humility, at least for the good taste, which would lead me to put far aside any such association with that great name, which more than any other name of human renown, has drawn to itself incommunicably the gratitude and affection of his own countrymen, and the admiration of mankind. But I may, without presumption, return you my thanks for affording me the opportunity of giving utterance, on your behalf, and on behalf of the City of Boston, to the emotions with which the mention of that illustrious name, ever honored, ever dear, must warm the bosom of the true patriot, on the anniversary of our National Independence.

I feel, sir, more and more, as I advance in life, and watch with mingled confidence, solicitude, and hope, the development of the momentous drama of our national existence, seeking to penetrate that future which His Excellency has so eloquently foreshadowed, that it is well worth our while, — that it is at once one of our highest social duties, and important privileges, — to celebrate with ever-increasing solemnity,

with annually augmented pomp and circumstance of festal commemoration, the anniversary of the nation's birth, were it only as affording a fitting occasion to bring the character and services of Washington, with ever fresh recognition, to the public attention, as the great central figure of that unparalleled group, that "noble army" of chieftains, sages, and patriots by whom the Revolution was accomplished.

This is the occasion, and here is the spot, and this is the day, and we citizens of Boston are the men, if any in the land, to throw wide open the portals of the temple of memory and fame, and there gaze with the eyes of a reverent and grateful imagination on his benignant countenance and majestic form. This is the occasion and the day; for who needs to be told how much the cause of Independence owes to the services and character of Washington; to the purity of that stainless purpose, to the firmness of that resolute soul? This is the spot, this immortal hall, from which as from an altar went forth the burning coals that kindled into a consuming fire at Lexington and Concord, at Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights. We citizens of Boston are the men; for the first great success of Washington in the Revolutionary war was to restore to our fathers their ancient and beloved native town. This is the time, the accepted time, when the voice of the Father of his Country cries aloud to us from the sods of Mount Vernon, and calls upon us, East and West, North and South, as the brethren of one great household, to be faithful to the dear-bought inheritance which he did so much to secure to us.

But the fame of Washington is not confined to our own country. Bourdaloue, in his eulogy on the military saint of France, exclaims, "The other saints have been given by the church to France, but France in return has given St. Louis to the church." Born into the family of nations in these latter days, receiving from foreign countries and inheriting from ancient times the bright and instructive example of all

their honored sons, it is the glory of America, in the very dawn of her national existence, to have given back to the world many names, of which the lustre will never fade; and especially one name, of which the whole family of Christendom is willing to acknowledge the unenvied preëminence; a name of which neither Greece nor Rome, nor Republican Italy, Switzerland, nor Holland, nor Constitutional England can boast the rival. "A character of virtues so happily tempered by one another," (I use the language of Charles James Fox,) "and so wholly unalloyed by any vices, is hardly to be found on the pages of history."

It is delightful to witness the generous recognition of Washington's merit, even in countries where from political reasons some backwardness in that respect might have been anticipated. Notwithstanding his leading agency in wresting a colonial empire from Great Britain, England was not slow to appreciate the grandeur and beauty of his character. Mr. Rufus King, our minister at that time to the Court of St. James, writing to Gen. Hamilton in 1797, says: "No one who has not been in England can have a just idea of the admiration expressed among all parties for General Washington. It is a common observation, that he is not only the most illustrious, but the most meritorious character which has yet appeared." Nor was France behind England in her admiration of Washington. Notwithstanding the uneasy relations of the two countries at the time of his decease, when the news of his death reached Paris, the youthful and fortunate soldier, who had already reached the summit of power by paths which Washington could never have trod, commanded the highest honors to be paid to his memory. "Washington," he immediately exclaimed, in the orders of the day, "is dead! This great man fought against tyranny; he consolidated the liberty of his country. His memory will be ever dear to the French people, as to all freemen in both hemispheres, and especially to the soldiers of France, who like him and the

American soldiers, are fighting for liberty and equality. In consequence, the First Consul orders that for ten days black crape shall be suspended from all the standards and banners of the republic." By order of Napoleon, a solemn funeral service was performed in the "Invalides," in the presence of all that was most eminent in Paris. "A sorrowful cry," said Fontanes, the orator chosen for the occasion, "has reached us from America, which he liberated. It belongs to France to yield the first response to the lamentation which will be echoed by every great soul. These august arches have been well chosen for the apotheosis of a hero."

How often in those wild scenes of her revolution, when the best blood of France was shed by the remorseless and ephemeral tyrants, who chased each other, dagger in hand, across that dismal stage of crime and woe, during the reign of terror, how often did the thoughts of Lafayette and his companions in arms, who had fought the battles of constitutional liberty in America, call up the image of the pure, the just, the humane, the unambitious Washington! How different would have been the fate of France, if her victorious chieftain, when he had reached the giddy heights of power, had imitated the great example which he caused to be eulogized! He might have saved his country from being crushed by the leagued hosts of Europe; he might have prevented the names of Moscow and Waterloo from being written in letters of blood on the pages of history; he might have escaped himself the sad significance of those memorable words of Fontanes, on the occasion to which I have alluded, when, in the presence of Napoleon, he spoke of Washington as a man who, "by a destiny seldom shared by those who change the fate of empires, died in peace as a private citizen, in his native land, where he had held the first rank, and which he had himself made free!"

How different would have been the fate of Spain, of Naples, of Greece, of Germany, of Mexico and the South

American Republics, had their recent revolutions been conducted by men like Washington and his patriotic associates, whose prudence, patriotism, probity, and disinterestedness conducted our Revolution to an auspicious and honorable result!

But it is, of course, at home that we must look for an adequate appreciation of our Washington's services and worth. He is the friend of the liberties of other countries; he is the father of his own. I own, Mr. Mayor, that it has been to me a source of inexpressible satisfaction to find, amidst all the bitter dissensions of the day, that this one grand sentiment, veneration for the name of Washington, is buried — no, planted — down in the very depths of the American heart. It has been my privilege, within the last two years, to hold it up to the reverent contemplation of my countrymen, from the banks of the Penobscot to the banks of the Savannah, from New York to St. Louis, from Chesapeake Bay to Lake Michigan; and the same sentiments, expressed in the same words, have everywhere touched the same sympathetic chord in the American heart.

To that central attraction I have been delighted to find the thoughts, the affections, the memories of the people, in whatever part of the country, from the ocean to the prairies of the West, from the land of granite and ice to the land of the palmetto and the magnolia, instinctively turn. They have their sectional loves and hatreds, but before the dear name of Washington they are all absorbed and forgotten. In whatever region of the country, the heart of patriotism warms to him; as in the starry heavens, with the circling of the seasons, the pointers go round the sphere, but their direction is ever toward the pole. They may point *from* the East, they may point *from* the West, but they will point *to* the Northern star. It is not the brightest luminary in the heavens, as men account brightness, but it is always in its place. The meteor, kindled into momentary blaze from the

rank vapors of the lower sky, is brighter. The comet is brighter that streams across the firmament,

“ And from his horrid hair,
Shakes pestilence and war.”

But the meteor explodes; the comet rushes back to the depths of the heavens; while the load-star shines steady at the pole, alike in summer and in winter, in seed-time and in harvest, at the equinox and the solstice. It shone for Columbus at the discovery of America; it shone for the pioneers of settlement, the pilgrims of faith and hope, at Jamestown and Plymouth; it will shine for the mariner who shall enter your harbor to-night; it will shine for the navies which shall bear the sleeping thunders of your power, while the flag of the Union shall brave the battle and the breeze. So, too, the character, the counsels, the example of our Washington, of which you bid me speak; they guided our fathers through the storms of the Revolution; they will guide us through the doubts and difficulties that beset us; they will guide our children and our children's children in the paths of prosperity and peace, while America shall hold her place in the family of nations.

The fourth regular toast was :

The Judiciary — The sheet-anchor of the Ship of State; may it ever take firm hold in the hearts of the people.

JUDGE SANGER, of the Court of Common Pleas, having been called upon to respond, said : —

Both for the subject matter of the sentiment, and for those who have been, with myself, attentive and delighted listeners to the eloquent speech just delivered, it is to be regretted that it has not fallen to the lot of some member of that Supreme Court whose learning and whose weight of

personal character have established that tribunal in the hearts of the people of this Commonwealth, and have added lustre to the Commonwealth itself, to answer to this sentiment. And now that those eloquent lips have just been closed — lips whose feeblest accents always thrill to the heart — I feel it almost impossible to say a word. But I have been called upon, and must respond to the sentiment.

I do not propose to eulogize the Judiciary of Massachusetts. The occasion neither permits nor requires it. But I would speak of the aid which the Judiciary lends to the administration of the law. In this respect, perhaps, more honor has been awarded to it than it can justly claim.

While we speak of the Judiciary as the directing and controlling power, we often attribute to it the undivided honor and responsibility. But it must be remembered that it has not an undivided honor and responsibility; that there are others who share the honors that cluster around the responsibility that attaches to its decisions. We all know that when the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court gives a decision upon an abstract question, the annunciation of the decision falls unheeded, unless, by the application of the law to facts, the popular pulse is struck and feeling is excited. It seems to me that when the law is applied to the facts, it is then that the honor is due and the responsibility attaches. Now while the judges do this but rarely, there is a body of men who do it every day — the jury — who under our Constitution and laws apply the law to the facts; and it is the jury who should share the honor and divide the responsibility.

The speaker concluded by offering as a sentiment :

The Jury List — In theory composed of men of the best intellect, intelligence and integrity in the various walks of life, who well and truly try the issue according to the evidence. Let the people see to it that the fact corresponds to the theory.

The fifth regular toast was :

The Union of the States — Around it cluster the most glorious associations of our history ; in it the hopes of humanity are involved ; for it religious liberty and conscience plead ; and beyond all, upon it, in its riper years as in its infancy, the protection of God rests, a sheltering cloud for its fiercer day, and a pillar of fire in its darker night.

After the reading of this toast, the Mayor remarked that he saw near him a gentleman who represented a name always loved and respected in the State, and he called upon Mr. AMOS A. LAWRENCE to respond.

Mr. LAWRENCE remarked that the call was unexpected, but he held to the doctrine that any Massachusetts man who cannot respond to that sentiment, and on the moment, is no *American* at all. In looking over some old papers the other day, to ascertain what had been done in times past on the occasion of this anniversary, he found that after the Congress, their "Majesties the King and Queen of France" were toasted. The next toast was to the Dauphin, and after that was one to George Washington.

This unnatural and unpatriotic order was introduced because party politics had been introduced into the celebration of the day, and at a time when politics ran high. These celebrations have improved since ; but he was sorry to hear that to-day that improvement has been checked by an effort to make one party appear to be the guardian of the nationality of this city ; and for the honor of the city he hoped it would never be made again.

On the way here he was told by a friend whom he respected and loved, that this was to be a Black Republican affair, and that the national celebration was elsewhere. Now if the sentiments which we have heard to-day are Black Republican sentiments, let us have some more of them.

He saw here many friends of various politics — old Whigs and National Americans, and those who call themselves American Republicans — and he believed that he spoke the mind of every one of them when he said that the old town of Boston was national when the nation was born; that it had been so ever since; that it is so now, and would be forever.

If he were to give a toast he would give this:

The City of Boston — May she continue to be, as she always has been, the bright north star of national liberty, from which the people of the country may always take a safe reckoning.

The sixth regular toast was:

The Orator of the Day — Whose eloquence has given an additional lustre to his words of wisdom; may his broad and patriotic sentiments cause us to prize our country with the pride of true Americans.

To this sentiment JOHN S. HOLMES, Esq., the orator of the day, responded as follows:—

MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN: If I did not know that the laudatory toast to which I am called to respond was made by custom a necessary part of this occasion, I would not venture to utter one syllable. I am not an eloquent man; and after listening to the golden-lipped orator whose voice still lingers in our charmed ears — looking upon that majestic presence whose stately wisdom has so often been echoed by these walls — no man dare think himself eloquent, much less could any sane man dare to intimate or receive intimation that he was eloquent. I thank you most heartily, gentlemen, for the gracious kindness with which this day you have received my imperfect attempt to set forth our duty to the great Past of our country. If I have quickened one feeling of patriotic devotion to this noble land — if a stronger, purer impulse has been given to one mind, I am largely rewarded for my endeavor.

From the temper of this occasion I know that to-day we all are stirred by emotions of unalterable love of the American Union; that here, on the soil of old Massachusetts, there stands a race as eager and ready to maintain the liberties of this great people as our fathers were to win them. What dark destiny may threaten any other part of this confederation I know not; but of this — by all that the Old Bay State has been — by the rising patriotism of her children — by the hearty exultation of this day and this hour — I am assured, that anarchy and dissension and lawlessness will never find a home or asylum here.

I beg leave to give you, Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, as a sentiment —

The Constitution of the United States — The Magna Charta of American Liberty — to be preserved in the reverence, to be sustained by the obedience of the people of the land.

The seventh regular toast was :

The Queen of Great Britain — Her virtues have gained her more hearts than her throne has subjects.

The Hon. JOSEPH HOWE, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, was called upon to respond, and said : —

MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN: To be called upon on such an occasion, to respond in such a place, to such a toast, I regard as an honor and a distinction — the highest ever conferred upon me abroad — the highest that can be conferred on a British subject by the people of these States. Sir, as I have of late rambled through New England, I have been pleased to mark how ancient prejudices have been toned down — how the angry passions, excited by two wars, have subsided; but I hardly expected to hear, in old Faneuil Hall, the health of my sovereign toasted on such a day with so much genuine enthusiasm. With all my heart I thank you. In the name and on behalf of my Queen I thank you, and

three millions of North Americans, when they hear of this compliment, will thank you also.

I wish, Mr. Mayor, that Queen Victoria could be presented to the admiring gaze of the citizens of Boston. That she could be here in person, to be seen of all men, as she is ever seen, on all suitable occasions, mingling with her people. As republicans you may not be very fond of queens, but as men you are fond of beautiful and accomplished women.

We honor our sovereign because we love liberty; because our monarch is our chief magistrate. We maintain a throne because our liberties and franchises are thereby bulwarked and sustained. We uphold and maintain royal prerogatives because they give grace and strength to that great constitutional system which, cemented by the blood of our fathers, yields to the pressure of modern civilization and supplies all the guards which ardent lovers of freedom can demand. We honor our sovereign, then, when a man sits upon the throne; but when it is occupied by a gifted, accomplished woman, we love her, and are not ashamed to avow the weakness, if it be one, before all the world. Queen Victoria sets, to all her subjects, at home and abroad, the example of a good wife, of a devoted mother — of an accomplished lady, wise in art and literature, but wiser still in the domestic virtues which embellish palaces and cottages alike, and therefore it is that we thank God that in Queen Victoria we have not only got a constitutional monarch, but an example for our wives and daughters.

Mr. Mayor, I never come to Boston without feeling that I am at home, for I find friends everywhere, and relatives not a few. I have partaken, on former occasions, of its unbounded hospitality. We have not forgotten, in the Provinces — who that was present will ever forget? — the noble celebration with which you inaugurated your great public works. I told you on that occasion that my father was a Boston boy. He, like Franklin, and like the Governor of your State, (who has just

done himself honor by referring to the fact,) learned the printing business in this city. He had just completed his apprenticeship, and was engaged to a very pretty girl, when the Revolution broke out. He saw the battle of Bunker's Hill from one of the old houses here — he nursed the wounded when it was over. Adhering to the British side, he was driven out at the evacuation, and retired to Newport, where his betrothed followed him. They were married there, and afterwards settled at Halifax. He left all his household goods and gods behind him, carrying away nothing but his principles and the pretty girl.

The loyalists who left these States were not, it must be confessed, as good republicans as you are; but they loved liberty under their old forms, and their descendants love it too. My father, though a true Briton to the day of his death, loved New England, and old Boston especially, with filial regard. He never lost an opportunity of serving a Boston man, if in his power. At the close of your railway banquet one gentleman told me that my father had, during the last war, taken his father from the military prison at Melville Island, and sent him back to Boston. Another, on the same evening, showed me a gold watch sent by an uncle who died in the West Indies, to his family. It was pawned by a sailor in Halifax, but redeemed by my father, and sent to the dead man's relatives. And so it was all his life. He loved his sovereign, but he loved Boston too; and whenever he got sick in his latter days, we used to send him up here to recruit. A sight of the old scenes, and a walk upon Boston Common, were sure to do him good, and he generally came back uncommonly well.

Though bound to say thus much, sir, for my sovereign and my father, — for myself, what can I say? I feel very much like the man bidden to the feast without a wedding garment. How can I clothe my thoughts in language to win even the indulgence of an audience whose ears have been charmed by

the great orator of New England, — may I not say of North America?—for we have no man to match him, whatever there may be at the South. Your city pageants, your civic feasts, are imposing and attractive; but these are everywhere — great orators are not. You are indeed fortunate in the possession of a man who gives to our land's language its strength unimpaired by the highest embellishment. The Indian draws from the maple the bow wherewith he kills his game, and the sap with which he sweetens his repast. Mr. Everett draws from the same large growth and cultivation, the arguments by which he sustains the great reputations and great interests of his country, and the honeyed accents which give to scenes like this the sweet cement of social life. The ancients

“Threw pearls of great price in their goblets of gold,
When to those that they honored they quaffed.”

He melts into our cups the rich ingots of his imagination, and every man who listens to him is intellectually richer for the draught.

I rejoice, sir, that the small clouds which threatened to darken the counsels and disturb the peace of our two nations have passed away; and I am glad that British statesmen have had the magnanimity and discretion to throw over, at once and forever, a claim or pretension which, among commercial nations, in the present age of the world, can never be sustained. Stop your vessels on the high seas! we might as well claim to stop women in the streets to ascertain if they were virtuous — to stop letters or telegraphic messages coming into your country, for fear that they might contain something wrong. If we can stop your vessels in the Gulf of Mexico, what should hinder you to stop ours in the Bay of Fundy, and how would we North Americans like that?

The whole proceedings of this day, sir, so far as I have witnessed them, have been to me deeply interesting, and highly honorable to this State. The orators of the day have

not imitated the bad example of some that I have heard elsewhere, who would perpetuate the animosities of the past, and make history a consuming fire. I have listened to the Declaration of Independence, as I always do, not without emotions of various kinds, but with emotions similar to those with which I read our great Charter, and Bill of Rights, or any other eloquent protests against the injustice and barbarities of the past.

I have never regarded England in the days of Lord North, as anything to be very proud of, any more than you are very proud of New Amsterdam under Peter Stuyvesant. But judge not the British Empire by what it was in 1772, but as it is in 1858. The British Islands are now the centres of a vast commerce — the seats of science and skilled labor — the fountain heads of capital overflowing in honest enterprise in every quarter of the globe. Forty States and Provinces, containing 300,000,000 of people, are combined by their diplomacy and defended by their arms. The England that oppressed you had but little liberty herself, and the Colonies that remained faithful to her had less. But how has all this changed since 1772! We have limited the prerogative — we have reformed our laws — we have purified our courts — we have enfranchised men of all creeds and all professions, abolished monopolies, established free trade, and emancipated our slaves while extending our empire.

England is no longer the harsh mother country against whom that old bill of indictment was filed. She is founding new provinces every day, training them in the practice of freedom and in the arts of life; and, when they are prepared for self-government, she does not force them into declarations of independence, but gracefully concedes to them the right to make their own constitutions, and to change and modify them from time to time. We North Americans may have had our grievances in the olden time. We may have had our own contests with besotted statesmen and absurd systems, but

now we are as free as you. We govern ourselves as completely as any of your independent States. We have universal suffrage and responsible government. You may sometimes have to endure a bad administration for four years; we can overthrow a bad one by a single resolution, on any day of the year when our parliaments are in session. Think of us, then, as we really are, your equals in many respects, — your rivals, it may be, in all things honorable, but ever your brethren, your friends, your neighbors.

You have drunk to my sovereign, Mr. Mayor. I would gladly respond, if I am permitted, by toasting those who rule over you, in spite of all your boasted liberties, who reign supreme in your affections. To me it seems that the ladies of Boston, though not less lovely, have marvellously increased in size since I last saw them. Fashion inflates us in the Provinces a good deal, but you beat us in expansion. Whitefield, preaching about the time of the Revolution, used this language: "As I passed over your country, I saw your young maidens clad in their homespun garments. Would that I could see them clad in homespun righteousness." What would the great preacher say if he saw them now? Jack, when remonstrated with for beating his wife, and told she was "the weaker vessel," exclaimed, "If she is, why do n't she carry less sail?" Jack's complaint is becoming general. There is a terrible sight of sail carried, but the craft are weatherly and lovely to behold. Even Whitefield might mistake the pretty girls of Boston for angels peeping out of clouds of crinoline and lace.

Of our North American women I will say nothing. Come over and see them. Dine with us, and you will find our hearts as light as your own. Mingle with us in the dance, and beauty and refinement shall lead you through its mazes. Our national festivals may not be so much to your taste, but you shall have at least a hearty welcome.

Mr. Howe closed his speech by giving:

The Ladies of the City of Boston.

At the conclusion of Mr. Howe's remarks, the company rose and remained standing while the band played "God save the Queen."

The eighth regular toast was:

The Clergy of the Revolution — Not inferior to their fellow-citizens in their devotion to the cause of liberty.

Rev. S. K. LOTHROP, D. D., the chaplain of the day, responded: —

MR. MAYOR: I rise in obedience to your call; but before saying anything on the subject specially suggested by the sentiment in honor of the revolutionary clergy, to which you have summoned me to respond, I cannot forbear to say a word in reply to the interesting and eloquent remarks just made by the gentleman from Halifax. We have all listened with pleasure and satisfaction to what he has said with such frank and hearty earnestness; and I am certain, sir, that I may assure him, in behalf of us all, that we heartily reciprocate every expression of cordial feeling, of kindly sympathy, of broad, generous interest, which has fallen from his lips, and hope with him that the relations between our country and the British Provinces in North America, and between us and the old mother of us all across the water, may be more and more intimate, and the bonds of peace between two nations kindred in race, language, and the spirit of their institutions, may remain unbroken forever.

I had hoped, Mr. Mayor, — I regret that the hope has not been fulfilled, — I had hoped that it might so happen that the Niagara, in the successful completion of that grand work, the laying of the ocean telegraph cable along the

deep bed of the Atlantic, would enter her destined port in Newfoundland on the Fourth of July; that thus this anniversary which commemorates now our political severance from Great Britain, might hereafter, through this glorious achievement of science and skill, commemorate also our indissoluble union, by a bond, physical in its nature, but eminently moral and social in its influence—an ocean-bedded artery, through whose quivering pulsations, thought, feeling, affection, opinion, the moral life-blood of a nation, might pass and repass, as rapidly as the blood circulates through the individual frame; and thus the two nations become one in all the interests and influences that elevate and adorn our common humanity. But should the great enterprise to which I have alluded fail, fail altogether, there are still ties between us and Great Britain which should never be broken. In both countries it is, or it should be, the prayer of every Christian and patriot heart, that the peace between us may be as perpetual as it is beneficial to ourselves and to the world.

And now, Mr. Mayor, to come to the sentiment in connection with which you have called me up, how shall I venture to speak for the clergy of the Revolution? Fortunately, sir, they need no man to speak for them; their deeds and characters are matters of history, and speak for themselves. We all know that throughout our revolutionary conflict, in the discussions which preceded the declaration of independence, and in the struggles through which that declaration was upheld and confirmed before the world, the great mass of the clergy, with a few exceptions as in any department of life, were on the side of the Colonies, and exerted no little influence, made no small sacrifices, in behalf of the cause they had espoused. Many of them were in the field, ready, not only to preach and pray for liberty, but to fight for it, and, if need be, to die for it.

I thank you, sir, for the allusion you were pleased to make in your remarks to Brattle Street Church, of which I have the

happiness to be the pastor. The edifice, among the four or five oldest in the city, is well known among us as the "Cannonball Church." It was a mark for the patriots during the siege, being used as a barrack, and filled with British troops; and it was a mark for the petty spite of those troops, or their officers, the memorial of which is still to be seen on one of the corner-stones, where by dint of mallet and chisel they erased the name of John Hancock, originally carved upon it. John Hancock worshipped in that church, and other noble patriots of that day worshipped there; and I may venture to say, sir, that during our whole revolutionary struggle, there was gathered under no roof in the country a body of men more faithful and devoted to the cause of liberty, than the men who gathered, Sunday after Sunday, in that church; and no man in this town, certainly no clergyman, rendered more aid to that cause than did Dr. Samuel Cooper, then pastor, by his pen, his speech, and his personal influence.

It would have been strange, Mr. Mayor, if the clergy, in our revolutionary struggle had not been found on the side of liberty. When advocates of arbitrary and despotic power, they are false to the spirit and tendency of the religion they are set to teach and defend. Happily such advocates are rarely found among them. In general, the clergy have in every nation been true to the liberties of the nation, and so, faithful to the Gospel of Christ; for that Gospel is at once the source and the security of civil liberty. All the civil liberty now enjoyed by any community in Christendom has emanated from the Gospel, is the product of the teachings and the truths of that Gospel. The *martyr* has always in Christian history preceded the *patriot*. The struggle for religious liberty, for "freedom to worship God," has led the way to the struggle for civil liberty, and taught the principles, and given the inspiration, through which men have triumphed in that struggle, and secured the civil liberty they now enjoy. Even Mr. Howe tells us, — and if he admits, we need not question it, — that the people

of England owe all the liberty enjoyed under their Constitution to the Puritans. Our liberty is to be traced back to the same source, and through the Puritans to the spirit and principles of the Gospel. Our liberty had a religious origin, and it has no security or defence but in religion. Constitutions, laws, policies, trade, commerce, manufactures — these things have their place and importance; due regard must ever be paid to them; but ultimately the peace, progress, prosperity, glory, safety of this country, rest upon the intelligent religious belief and moral principle of the people. The strain in the great experiment we are trying is to be at this point — on the religious belief and moral principle of the people. If these fail, all fails; if these hold, all is secure. If the people of this country are able to retain their religious faith and moral principle; if the great truths of the Gospel of Christ penetrate and pervade their hearts, and become the law of their life, — then liberty is safe, the country is safe. Through various trials and conflicts it will work its way to a grand and glorious destiny, and exert a blessed and beneficial influence upon the world. In harmony with these thoughts I offer this sentiment:

The *Patriotism* which has its foundation in piety, and the *moral principle* which rests upon faith in the Gospel of Christ. Let these be strong in the hearts of this people, and the prosperity and glory, as well as the liberty of our country, will be perpetual.

The ninth regular toast was :

The Army and Navy of the United States.

The Mayor here read the following letter : —

WEST POINT, New York, June 10, 1858.

To His Honor, F. W. LINCOLN, Jr., Mayor of Boston.

DEAR SIR : My obligations to Boston, and, indeed, to the whole State of Massachusetts, are numerous and abiding. I never recur to them without pride and pleasure. Your handsome invitation to join in celebrating the approaching national anniversary in Faneuil Hall adds a

new one. But although there is nowhere a place I should visit with equal pleasure, I find it necessary to decline the honor. I am much worn in the public service, and for the future must avoid all public entertainments and high excitements.

With high respect and esteem, I remain

Your obedient servant,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

Col. E. G. PARKER, senior aid to His Excellency the Governor, being requested to respond to the toast to the army and navy, spoke as follows: —

MR. MAYOR: After the great exhibition of eloquence to which we have listened (Mr. Everett's), and at this late hour, it would be idle to attempt a speech which should in any just degree be adequate to the deservings of the American army and navy. Besides, I have been so entirely spell-bound and absorbed by the magic of this oratory, that my own thoughts have been scattered as by red-hot shot. But I rejoice, in common with you all, to have heard that beautiful tongue, and in common with all young men I would pay my passing tribute to its master. He has, as he has told you, returned to us from what we may call his *Washington* campaign — a course of action in which he has been erecting his own monument while building another's — a career which entitles him to be called the modern Peter the Hermit. For, like the hermit of history, Edward Everett has gone about a continent, preaching the rescue of another holy sepulchre from the grasp of an impious hand. To him, then, I accord my humble tribute of homage, and pass again to my text.

The army and the navy of America, indeed, need no panegyric. This day speaks for them, this hall speaks for them. These bannered arches, these pictured memories, and this glad, triumphal music, all speak their proud eulogium. But in the American soldier, your toast said there was ever present a *gallantry* as bright as the steel of the sword upon his

thigh. Sir, no man can be a *gallant* man who is not a gentleman; and it is the first quality of a soldier gentleman, never to abuse a fallen foe, and never to insult one helpless and tongue-tied before him.

And, sir, besides these qualities of chivalry, there is also in the American soldier's heart, I know, a true and universal *patriotism*. He knows no North, no South, no East, no West. He goes for his "country, however bounded, and by whatever waters washed;" and when you have combined these qualities together in a man — the gentleman, the patriot, the warrior — then you have a combination upon which victory must ever set the seal of her success, and stamp him *conqueror*.

The tenth regular toast was :

The Declaration of Independence — Let us not, in adoration of the sentiments it contains, forget that those sentiments are the representatives of the most sacred list of names in the history of the American people.

MR. DANIEL K. FORD, the reader of the Declaration, responded as follows : —

MR. MAYOR AND GENTLEMEN : It would be a usurpation of time if I, standing as I do among so many able and experienced speakers, should have the presumption to attempt what might worthily be called a speech; but when in the course of human events it becomes necessary for speeches to be made, I think it to be the duty of each individual who may be called upon, to endeavor to say something.

On this particular occasion we should give utterance to our thoughts in an independent manner, there being no reason for the least manifestation of diffidence, for we are all near our Holmes (orator of the day).

I heartily appreciate the sentiment which has called me before you. It reminds me of a passage in Scripture,—“The

good tree bringeth forth good fruit." It would have us like the farmer, who, while he admires and enjoys the fruit, is ever anxious to pay a proper regard to the tree. To the Government of the City of Boston I would return my sincere thanks for the honor conferred upon me in their selection of a person to read to you the independent declaration of our fathers, — a proclamation of rights distinctly but justly declared, bravely defended, and omnipotently triumphant. I hope I have neither disappointed those to whom I am indebted for so pleasant a duty, nor violated the confidence placed in the ability of the present City Government to provide for a proper celebration of the anniversary of a day so dear to every true American heart. In conclusion I will propose the following sentiment:

The Present Government of the City of Boston — A perfect chain, which needs no better Lincoln (His Honor the Mayor).

The seventh regular toast was:

The Legislature of the Province of Massachusetts — Early, active, and unwavering friends of American Independence; may their spirit ever animate their successors.

In response to this sentiment the Hon. CHARLES A. PHELPS said:

He would not, at this late hour, intrude upon the gentlemen present with any extended remarks. He desired, however, to offer his acknowledgments for the sentiment complimentary to the Legislature.

I feel, said he, that it is good for us to be here. We have assembled to celebrate one of the grandest events in human history. Honored, forever honored, be the memory of the heroes of the Revolution. No homage which we can render to their memories, however great or oft renewed, can be undeserved. I have sometimes feared that as the years pass

away, the celebration of this day may lose something of its significance to our minds, and become a matter of form and ceremony, and not of feeling. But wherever else its commemoration may be omitted or misused, to us it should always bring eloquent utterances. I trust the time will never come when the Fourth of July shall fail to receive civic honors from our city. And for one, I could wish that on this day Faneuil Hall might always be *open*, adorned with garlands, graced with victorious wreaths, and giving back the shouts of patriotic Americans, as in the days of '76. And may the love-cup which to-day passes from lip to lip be untainted with the bitter poison of political hate.

Our Revolution was as peculiar in its character as it has been in its results. I respond fully to the sentiments expressed by the eloquent gentleman from Halifax who preceded me. It was not so much a war between the *people* of England and the *people* of America, as a war of the tory party in England, who were then in power — a war between the colonists on the one side, and an infatuated and deluded ministry, aided and encouraged by an ignorant and obstinate king, on the other. Chatham, in that most masterly speech on removing the troops from Boston, thundered to the House of Lords in his boldest tones, “The glorious spirit which animates three millions of Americans is aided, I hope, to the amount of double that number in England.” The sympathy of the great Whig party of England was with America from the beginning to the end. It is pleasant to recall these facts, and to know that in freshening the memories of our heroic age, we are not to be supposed to be cherishing a degrading malice toward the English people of our own day. The interests of the two nations are closely allied. And I rejoice to believe, from the report of the discussions in Parliament received by the last steamer, that the clouds which awhile since seemed threatening to darken the horizon, are, or will be, literally, “in the deep bosom of the ocean buried.” Let us maintain unsullied

the honor of our flag, and the sacredness of our soil; and may there in the future be between England and America no rivalry but a rivalry in the arts of peace; no contest but a contest to win the highest triumphs of modern Christian civilization.

Mr. Mayor, we meet to-day as Americans. We are here to cherish no local pride; but nevertheless, we need not, we cannot, forget the early and distinguished part which Massachusetts and the town of Boston bore in the memorable struggle for independence. The history of the times furnishes abundant evidence of this. I remember to have read that as early as July, 1775, Gen. Gage, writing from this place to Lord Dartmouth, said, "This province began the rebellion; indeed, I may say *this town*, for here the *arch-rebels* formed their scheme long ago." Honor, I say, to those "*arch-rebels!*" We will bless their memories while we live, and hand their fame to our children after us. Yes, sir, formidable as was the conflict involved, the declaration of independence was hailed nowhere with more delight than in this section of our country.

Allusion has been made to occurrences of the Revolution connected with the Brattle Street Church. This has reminded me of an incident associated with another of our churches.

History tells us that on the night preceding the battle of Lexington, the British troops embarked at the foot of the Common, landed on the marshes at East Cambridge, and took up their line of march for Concord. Their movements were observed, and Warren despatched Col. Revere to Lexington, to inform the proscribed patriots, Hancock and Adams, that the troops had left the city. It had previously been agreed that the departure of the enemy should be made known by a light which was displayed from the spire of the old North Church. And this was the first beacon fire in the war of independence! And thus the people were called to arms! That little light — why, sir, it will flame down the long path-

way of the centuries, for it lighted a nation to liberty. It may well symbolize to our imaginations that torch of Freedom which, passed from nation to nation, is yet to make the tour of the world, and of which the poet has sung in those heart-stirring words, —

“ Shine, shine forever, glorious Flame,
 Divinest gift of gods to men !
 Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round ;
 When dimmed, revive — when lost, return,
 Till not a shrine on earth be found,
 On which thy glories shall not burn ! ”

The night preceding the battle of Lexington! Warren! Hancock! Adams! Revere! — what thoughts and emotions rise as we speak these words to-day! Ah! if that night an unseen hand could have lifted the curtain of the future, how would their souls have been enraptured with the view! How amazed if a voice could have said, “ To-night your hearts are overwhelmed with gloom, but with the morrow’s rising sun a blow will have been struck which will free America forever from the dominion of England on land and sea. Within less than a twelvemonth, history shall pause on yonder sacred mount and give to loving memory and immortal fame the heroic death of the youngest of your number, Warren; and then that hostile army shall sail down the harbor of Boston, leaving only graves for their bravest and best, and along the streets of that devoted town, English drums shall be heard, and English banners seen — no, never again forever.

“ Within little more than a twelvemonth two others of your number, Hancock and Adams, shall affix their names to a declaration of independence which shall summon these now few and feeble Colonies to go forth on their luminous career as sovereign and independent States, until, in the language of another, they shall stand on ‘ the glittering summits of the world.’ That little provincial seaport shall become a city of an hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, — her wealth

shall rival that of Venice, the bride of the seas, — her ships shall be found in the farthest corners of the earth, — her population in intelligence and virtue shall be second to none on the globe; — yea, and within the life of those now living she shall call to the chair of her chief magistrate, a grandson of another of your number, Revere; and in Faneuil Hall with grateful affection unite to celebrate your toils, your sufferings, and your undying renown.”

No voice spoke to them thus, no voice may speak to us of the future upon which we enter. God grant that when a similar period of time shall have elapsed, our country may be at peace with all the world, happy and prosperous, with freedom and freedom only in all her borders, then as now deserving and receiving the love and honor of all her sons. But, sir, without detaining you longer, I give you

The Citizens of Boston, “arch-rebels,” in 1776 — They were among the earliest friends — may they also be among the latest defenders of American Independence.

The twelfth regular toast was :

The Veterans of the Army of 1812.

In response to this toast Col. THOMAS ASPINWALL, being called on by His Honor the Mayor, spoke as follows : —

MR. MAYOR: On such an occasion I should be very glad to make a speech, and a good speech, if I could. But I believe there is a sort of truth in the burlesque remark, that it takes time to elaborate an extempore speech; and until this moment I supposed that I was to act a *silent* part in the scene. I am deeply sensible, sir, of the honor done me by your call; and am indebted entirely to your courtesy for the conspicuous place assigned me at your table.

On behalf of my comrades of the war of 1812, I thank you, sir, for the honorable notice you have bestowed on them, and I can bear my testimony that they were actuated by the same devoted and patriotic spirit that characterized our continental army in the great revolutionary struggle for national freedom and independence. They were beset with difficulties from the outset. They wanted material supplies, money and men. In the field, the hardships they had to endure were often extreme. In the descent of the St. Lawrence in 1813, for instance, many soldiers lost their feet and limbs, and even lives, from prolonged inaction under exposure to cold and wet. In battle, the wounded soldier, when he heard his comrades say their cartridges were out, anxious for his country's success, but heedless of the life-blood that was welling from his wounds, would exert the last remnant of his strength to grasp his cartridge-box, and say "Take mine."

The war of 1812 was brief, and at this day engages comparatively but little attention. But it has been justly called our second war of independence; for it was a natural sequel and the complement of our Revolution. The cause was not so momentous, nor the events so striking, nor the contest so long; but still it was a gallant and successful contest in the old cause of life, liberty, and property; it extorted the respect of our enemies, raised us higher in the scale of nations, and added stability, strength, and attractions to the structure built up by our Revolution.

That Revolution left its impress on the age; and its abiding influence upon the nations of the world shows itself in the constant growth and diffusion of the blessings of political and civil liberty. Russia is at this day emancipating her serfs, unchanged in her conformity to the example first set her by Joseph of Austria shortly before the close of our revolutionary warfare for freedom. It is true that Austria has since retrograded in her policy; but Sardinia, on the other hand, is holding up the example of her free institutions, and teaching

the despotisms that surround her, that the march of freedom is onward, and that the time is at hand when they must respect and cherish the sacred principles of right and freedom, which were brought to life, and nobly and fearlessly adopted and vindicated, by our forefathers, on this spot, where we now stand.

At this late hour, sir, I will not further trespass upon your indulgence, but will merely offer a sentiment founded upon one which I gave in Boston nearly fifty years ago :

Boston, the cradle of our infant liberty— May she ever be the stronghold of the full-grown giant.

The thirteenth regular toast was :

Our system of Free Schools— The nursery of intelligence and morality, the fountain of social prosperity, and the safeguard of republican liberty ; may it never cease to be the pride and glory of Boston, where education was first provided by the means of all, for the benefit of all.

J. D. PHILBRICK, Esq., Superintendent of the Public Schools, by request of the Mayor, responded to this toast as follows :—

I am well aware, Mr. Mayor, that you have taken the liberty to call upon me to respond to this toast, not because of your conviction of peculiar fitness on my part to do justice to the theme, but because I happen to be connected, in an humble capacity, with the administration of our system of public instruction. But in rising in obedience to your command to utter a few words as best I may, I am cheered with the consoling reflection that in this presence, least of all places on the globe, does the public school need an advocate. Here is its birthplace, here its cradle was rocked, long before this renowned cradle of liberty was thought of.

The schoolmaster is no new character in Boston. For two and a quarter centuries he has been abroad in this city. Without the free school Boston would not have been Boston. The free school is the corner-stone of Boston prosperity. Without it you might indeed have your commerce and your warehouses, but your Boston character, that of which Bostonians are most proud, you could not have.

I cannot but think there is a propriety in remembering the free school on this anniversary of the birthday of American liberty and independence. Who doubts that the perpetuity of our free institutions of government depends upon the character of the present and future generations of the people? Without the general diffusion of knowledge and virtue among the people, liberty is an impossibility.

On this day, therefore, of our national jubilee, the intelligent patriot, while commemorating the services of those who fought and died for the liberty which we enjoy, would not forget the means by which that liberty is to be perpetuated. It is eminently fitting that as often as we refresh our memories with the rehearsal of the ever memorable Declaration, we should also recall the solemn injunction of the Father of his Country in his Farewell Address to his countrymen respecting the duty of maintaining public instruction. "Promote," said he, "as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."

We shall, Mr. Mayor, most effectively obey this injunction by extending and perfecting the free public school. This enterprise I look upon as the most important work of this generation. Its grand aim is universal intelligence and virtue, without which our prosperity will only prove our ruin, and hasten us with more headlong speed to our destruction. The knowledge of duty and the will to do it is the only salvation of the State. To insure this mental and moral illumina-

tion of the masses of the people so essential for prosperity, the free public school must be supported and cherished with liberality, directed and controlled by the wisest and most pure-minded citizens, and never suffered to fall into the hands of designing demagogues or sectarian bigots.

If there is any one institution among us upon which we may rely to keep alive the spirit and manners of republican liberty, that institution is the free public school. Before the schoolmaster all are equal. No distinction of race, color, religion, or nationality is recognized. Personal merit is the only and sole ground of distinction. It is the glory of our system, that while it is made good enough for the best, it is free to all; and the son of the laborer and the son of the wealthy merchant may be seen side by side in the same class for years contending for the same honors, and sharing the same instruction. It is the mighty leveller, but it levels in the right way; it levels upwards, not in pride and vanity, but in usefulness and ability.

To some shallow minds who never enjoyed the advantages of the training of an able master in a free school, and never achieved anything more useful or heroic than the perusal of a novel, the mention of the schoolmaster suggests nothing but the ludicrous figure of a Dominie Sampson, an Ichabod Crane, or a Mr. Squeers. But the intelligent citizen of Boston needs not to be told that the schoolmasters who have the care of his children are gentlemen of respectability, character, and learning, and that the schoolmistress is a lady of manners, refinement, and intelligence.

In conclusion allow me to propose the sentiment:

The Teachers of the Public Schools of Boston — The makers of the future history of Boston.

At this time, the hour being somewhat late, and a desire to see the balloon ascensions prevailing, upon motion of Alderman J. M. WIGHTMAN the company adjourned.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E .

CORRESPONDENCE.

In addition to the letters already given, the following were received by the Committee of Arrangements from various invited guests: —

BUFFALO, *June 26, 1858.*

To His Honor MAYOR LINCOLN.

DEAR SIR: I have just received your letter enclosing an official invitation from the City Council of Boston, inviting me to join with them in celebrating the approaching anniversary of American Independence, and regret exceedingly that it is out of my power to accept it.

Your letter seems to have been addressed to me under the impression that I was in Providence, which was a mistake, as I have not been in New England for more than three years. Were I in Providence, I should certainly accept your invitation, that I might enjoy the satisfaction, once before I die, of seeing that glorious day celebrated in Faneuil Hall, its birthplace; but I must defer this pleasure to a more convenient season.

I beg you to present my thanks to the Council for the honor it has done me by this invitation, and permit me to subscribe myself

Your obedient servant,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

WASHINGTON CITY, *June 24, 1858.*

GENTLEMEN: While I tender to you my acknowledgments for the honor you have done me by inviting me to attend the proposed celebration, by the City Council of Boston, of the approaching anniversary of American Independence, I am compelled to ask your indulgence for

declining to accept it. My public duties here will prevent me from leaving Washington at the present time.

I am, gentlemen, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

LEW. CASS.

Hon. F. W. LINCOLN, JR., and others, Com. &c., &c., &c.

WASHINGTON, *June 15, 1858.*

DEAR SIR: I pray you to present to the Committee of Arrangements my grateful acknowledgments for their kind invitation, and also to accept my thanks for the courteous manner in which you have recorded it.

If it were at all proper, I should accept the invitation; but I have a peremptory engagement in another quarter.

Believe me, dear sir, with great respect,

Your humble servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

The Honorable FREDERIC W. LINCOLN, JR., Mayor, &c., &c.

WASHINGTON, *June 16, 1858.*

DEAR SIR: I have had the honor to receive your letter of the 7th inst., enclosing to me an invitation from the Committee of Arrangements, to attend the celebration, by the City Council of Boston, of the approaching anniversary of American Independence.

Such an invitation is an honor to be proudly remembered. To participate in a Boston celebration of the Fourth of July, in sight of Bunker Hill, and to dine in Faneuil Hall, is like being in the visible presence of the Revolution, and feasting on its glorious memories and the fruits of its victories.

It would be most gratifying to me to be present at the celebration, and it is with much regret that I find it out of my power. Circumstances oblige me to return home as soon as my public duties here will permit, and I must, therefore, decline the invitation with which I have been honored, and which you have so kindly urged me to accept.

I request that you will communicate this to the Committee of Arrangements, and to you and to them, sir, I offer my sincere acknowledgments.

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully, yours, &c.,

J. J. CRITTENDEN.

FREDERIC W. LINCOLN, JR., Mayor of the City of Boston.

NAHANT, 3d July, 1858.

MY DEAR MR. MAYOR : By some accident, which is entirely unimportant except as an apology for the lateness of my own reply. your obliging card for the municipal celebration of our national birthday only reached me a day or two since. I thank you for the privilege it offers me of dining in Faneuil Hall on the 5th inst. Were I to be in town on that day, I should certainly not omit the opportunity of spending at least a part of the afternoon in that hall of ancient renown and glorious association.

May I be pardoned, however, for availing myself of this note of acknowledgment and apology, (and in place of the speech which you so kindly requested me to make,) to suggest a hope that when, in the course of coming years, the anniversary of the great Declaration shall happen again on a Sunday, the idea may be entertained of holding the celebration on the day before, rather than on the day after it?

I will not dwell on the obvious expediency of bringing such celebrations into the end of a week, instead of into the beginning, and of thus removing the temptation of turning the Sunday into a mere day of preparation. There are other circumstances of an historical character which can hardly fail to commend such a change to the favorable consideration of the community.

The memorable and momentous Debate of Independence at Philadelphia ran through the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th days of July. The resolution which embraced the whole decision of the question was adopted on the 2d, and it was accordingly of the 2d day of July, 1776, that John Adams wrote so emphatically to his wife, that "it ought to be commemorated as a day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty; that it ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore."

The formal declaration of what had thus been resolved was debated on the 3d, and finally adopted on the evening of the 4th of July. Our great Revolution was thus, in some sort, and so far as the Continental Congress was concerned, "*a Four Days' Revolution*;" and either of the four days might fairly be taken for an anniversary celebration of the event. It would seem as if one of these four ought certainly to be taken for this purpose; and when the Sabbath comes in to arrest all festivities on the last of the four, there would be a peculiar historical propriety in falling back upon one of the other three.

By substituting the 2d in such cases, we should give literal fulfilment to the prophetic anticipations of John Adams, and no one would be sorry to see this occasionally done. But there is another association with the 3d of July, which would add still more to the interest of such a celebration. You are aware that Washington, having arrived at Cambridge on the 2d, assumed the command of the American army for the first time on the 3d of July, 1775. Would it not be a most agreeable and worthy coincidence if, when the intervention of a Sunday shall cut off the customary routine of these celebrations, we could combine the commemoration of those two great events—*Washington taking command of the army in 1775, and Congress declaring our independence in 1776?*

Pardon me, my dear Mr. Mayor, for making a note of ceremony the vehicle of so practical and prosaic a suggestion. Whatever day may be taken, now or hereafter, I doubt not that as long as Faneuil Hall shall stand, it will be celebrated in a spirit of national brotherhood and comprehensive patriotism. The day is nothing; the spirit is everything. Let me hasten to a conclusion by thanking you and the Committee of Arrangements once more for your kind invitation, and by offering as a sentiment for the occasion —

Our Country and its glorious Past — Let us resolve that it shall be no fault of ours if it shall not enjoy a like glorious future.

Believe me, dear Mr. Mayor, very sincerely,

Your friend and servant,

ROBERT C. WINTHIROP.

His Honor F. W. LINCOLN, JR., Mayor.

I. S. B. THACHER, of Mississippi, has the honor to acknowledge the polite invitation of the City Council of Boston to dine on the 4th instant.

He regrets that the recent death of one of his family deprives him of the pleasure of sending an acceptance.

He desires to assure the Council of his joy and pride in the rapid and substantial progress of his native city; and he begs leave to add, since we are taught in the Holy Scriptures that "*a city set upon a hill cannot be hid,*" that Boston, upon her *three* hills, having thus a three-fold responsibility, yet challenges the admiration of the world.

CHESTNUT STREET, *July 2, 1858.*

To His Honor FREDERIC W. LINCOLN, JR., Mayor, &c., &c.

MANCHESTER, N. H., *June 26th*, 1858.

Hon. F. W. LINCOLN, JR., Mayor of Boston.

MY DEAR SIR : I have received yours of the 21st inst., extending to me an invitation from the City Council of Boston "to participate with them in the celebration of the approaching anniversary of American Independence." I am much obliged to the City Council, and to you, sir, personally, for the honor thus done me.

It would give me great pleasure to join in your celebration, and at the "Cradle of Liberty," surrounded by Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill, to draw in new inspirations of freedom; to enkindle a warmer and more self-sacrificing devotion to the maintenance of good government; and to cherish an attachment to the Union till it should become as strong and constant as the love of life.

But this pleasure I must forego. For weeks before I left Washington, on the adjournment of Congress, my health was very much impaired, and is not now fully restored. I need quiet, rest, and recreation, and I avoid everything like business or excitement.

If I were to accept your invitation, it would be at some risk of retarding my complete and early restoration to health. I must, therefore, as a matter of necessity and duty, "beg to be excused."

Be pleased to convey to your associates the assurance of my best regards, and allow me to add that our safety as a nation for the future lies in our attachment to the past. No better maxims or principles of government will ever be adopted than those laid at the foundation of our government. An attachment to the Union as strong and ardent as the necessity and desire which formed it, can alone perpetuate it. How appropriate and proper, therefore, on the anniversary of the declaration of our independence, to awaken the hallowed memories of its inauguration — in imagination to recreate the scene — to call up the time, the place, the men, the cause — to bring them, as it were, down the course of time, eighty odd years, and mingle ourselves with them and thus transmit them to the remotest coming years.

In conclusion permit me to express the following sentiment :

The Old Cradle of Liberty — May patriots watch it, future statesmen occupy it, and the guilt of the "glittering generalities" of the Declaration of Independence cover it.

With much respect,

I remain truly yours,

DANIEL CLARK.

BOSTON NAVY YARD, *June 30, 1858.*

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge your polite invitation to participate in the city celebration of the eighty-second anniversary of American Independence, and regret that my other engagements will not allow me to avail myself of it.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEO. HENRY PREBLE,

Lieut. U. S. N.

To Hon. F. W. LINCOLN, JR., Mayor of Boston,
and his associates the Committee of Arrangements.

75 STATE STREET, BOSTON, *June 21, 1858.*

LIEUT. HUNT presents his acknowledgments to the City Council of Boston for its polite invitation to be present in the procession and at the dinner proposed for July 5th; but as he purposes being out of town on that day it will be out of his power to be present.

To the COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

U. S. REV. STEAMER "H. LANE," }
NEW YORK, *June 28, 1858.* }

Hon. FRED. W. LINCOLN, JR., Mayor, and Alderman PEIRCE and others of the Boston City Council.

GENTLEMEN: Please to receive my thanks for the invitation to participate in your proposed patriotic celebration of our national anniversary on the 5th of July next, and sincere regret that my professional duties will prevent its acceptance, and deprive me of the pleasure I should enjoy in your society.

With great respect,

Your obedient servant,

J. WALL WILSON,

Lieut. U. S. R. M.

CRESCENT PLACE, *June 30, 1858.*

DEAR SIR: By your authority, and I doubt not from kind remembrance of former acquaintance, I have received an invitation to attend the celebration of our national independence on the approaching 5th of July.

Accept my sincere thanks for this invitation, one with which I have not been honored for rather more, I think, than thirty years.

But while my best wishes attend you, and my prayers are offered for our country, I am constrained, on account of my deafness, to decline.

Respectfully yours,

WM. JENKS.

His Honor the MAYOR.

BOSTON, *July 2, 1858.*

SIR: Please accept for yourself and your associates upon the Committee of Arrangements for the approaching celebration of the national anniversary, my most grateful acknowledgments for your courteous invitation to participate in the festivities. I am reluctantly constrained to decline, from a previous literary engagement which will not release me.

With great respect,

A. L. STONE.

Hon. F. W. LINCOLN, JR., Mayor of Boston.

ROCKINGHAM HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH, N. H., }
July 2, 1858. }

GENTLEMEN: I had the honor to receive your kind invitation to attend the celebration of the eighty-second anniversary of American Independence in the City of Boston, for which you will please accept my sincere thanks.

I deeply regret that it will not be possible for me to accept your invitation, in consequence of a slight illness.

With very great respect,

M. SAID SULIMAN.

To Hon. F. W. LINCOLN, JR., Mayor, and gentlemen of
the City Government of the City of Boston.

SATURDAY, *July 3, 1858.*

DEAR SIR: I regret that my absence from the city obliges me to decline the invitation of the City Council of Boston to be present at the civic celebration of the Fourth of July.

Yours truly,

G. S. HILLARD.

Mr. Mayor LINCOLN.

Boston, *July 2, 1858.*

GENTLEMEN : I have the honor of your invitation to attend the public services and dinner, arranged by the City Council, upon the approaching anniversary of American Independence.

The acceptance of another invitation, previously extended, must preclude me from that pleasure ; but I beg leave to offer a sentiment for the occasion.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

GEORGE LUNT.

Hon F. W. LINCOLN, JR., Mayor,
and the Committee of Arrangements.

American Independence — While the liberty of a people is uncertain, it deserves defence ; ever after it is established, it requires regulation.

Boston, *July 2, 1858.*

MY DEAR SIR : Gladly enough would I join the City Council in the celebration of the approaching anniversary of American Independence, but for the previous acceptance of an invitation of the Society of the Cincinnati.

Be pleased to receive my sincere thanks for the honor of being remembered by your Committee on a day so memorable in the annals of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Very truly,

Your friend and servant,

LORENZO SABINE.

Hon. FREDERIC W. LINCOLN, JR., Chairman of
the Committee of Arrangements, &c., &c.

Roxbury, Mass., *June 23, 1858.*

Hon. F. W. LINCOLN, JR., Mayor, and other gentlemen, members of the
Committee of Arrangements, &c.

GENTLEMEN : I thank you sincerely for the honor of an invitation to be present in the procession and at the dinner, on the 5th July, on the occasion of the celebration by the City Council of Boston of the eighty-second anniversary of American Independence.

I regret that previous engagements for that day deprive me of the pleasure of uniting with you in the festivities of that joyous and interest-

ing occasion. Will you allow me to offer for your consideration the following expression of my feelings :

The City of Boston—May she continue to be, as she ever has been, ready and zealous to celebrate the birthday of our nation—may her sons be ever found contending for human freedom, and ever ready as their fathers, to sacrifice on the altar of their country's welfare everything but principle, to maintain inviolable and inviolate the Constitution and the UNION of these STATES.

With great respect,

Your friend and fellow citizen,

SAMUEL H. WALLEY.

Hon. FREDERIC W. LINCOLN, JR., Mayor, and other gentlemen of the Committee of Arrangements of the City Council of Boston.

Please accept my acknowledgments for your polite invitation to be present at the City Council's celebration of the approaching anniversary of American Independence.

As I shall be out of the city on that day, it will be out of my power to avail myself of the proffered honor.

With great respect,

I am your humble servant,

CHARLES WELLS.

BOSTON, *July 1st*, 1858.

BOSTON, *July 2*, 1858.

GENTLEMEN: It affords me unfeigned satisfaction to learn that you, in your official capacity as the Government of the City of Boston, are determined to perpetuate the good old custom which has come down to us from our venerable fathers, of celebrating the birthday of our national independence by the services, festivities, and illuminations common on that occasion. May this national jubilee, so fraught with hallowed memories, never cease to be appropriately commemorated by the good citizens of Boston; for when it shall not thus be remembered and distinguished, we shall, I fear, have no independence to celebrate.

It would give me great pleasure to accept your invitation to unite in the celebration of this year, but dangerous sickness in my family and the

recent death of my senior partner in business forbid my participation in the privileges and pleasures of the occasion.

With sentiments of great personal regard,

I am, gentlemen,

Yours most sincerely,

MARSHALL P. WILDER.

To His Honor Mayor LINCOLN, and associates,
Committee of Arrangements, &c.

CITY OF LAWRENCE, MAYOR'S OFFICE, }
LAWRENCE, MASS., *June 24, 1858.* }

To His Honor F. W. LINCOLN, JR., and others, Committee of the City Government of Boston.

GENTLEMEN: Allow me to thank you for your polite invitation to be present at the dinner of the City Government of Boston on the occasion of the approaching anniversary, and also to present my acknowledgment of the compliment which you thereby pay to the city which I have the honor to represent, a city founded by Boston enterprise, and bearing the name of one of Boston's noblest and most lamented sons.

Other engagements compel me to decline your courtesy, but thousands of hearts here will beat in unison with your own, throbbing with patriotic emotions, as we reflect upon the act which that day commemorates, and the blessings which that act secured. And I trust, gentlemen, that we shall all duly consider on that occasion, and at all times, not only the causes which led to the declaration of independence, and the men and the deeds that secured our civil and religious freedom, but, what is of far greater importance, the motives by which those men were actuated in their daily life.

There is at times ground for apprehension that our people, in the discharge of their civil duties, may be governed too much by personal, selfish considerations— Influenced too strongly by the love of gain, or desire for place and power—and too little by pure devotion to their country and her highest welfare.

That this may never be the fact, but that all citizens may look well to the motives which govern their political action—that through a long and glorious future the spirit of the fathers and founders of the republic may live in the hearts of all their descendants—this should be the earnest

desire of every true patriot. And what more fitting time for reflections of this nature can be offered than the anniversary of the nation's birth?

I offer to you, gentlemen, the following sentiment :

The City of Boston — *First* in resistance to the aggressions of tyranny, she will be the *last* to surrender her inheritance of freedom. Let her motto ever be our country's prayer, "SICUT PATRIBUS SIT DEUS NOBIS."

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN R. ROLLINS.

CITY OF LOWELL, MAYOR'S }
OFFICE, *July 2*, 1858. }

HON. F. W. LINCOLN, JR.

DEAR SIR: Your most kind invitation to unite in the approaching municipal celebration of American Independence was duly received. I have delayed replying to this late day, from an expectation that I might be able to accept it, which of all things would be most agreeable to me.

I find, however, my presence will be expected here, and I am obliged to decline it very reluctantly.

Truly your obedient servant,

E. HUNTINGTON.

EVENTS OF THE CELEBRATION.

EVENTS OF THE CELEBRATION.

EARLY in the month of April last a Joint Special Committee of the City Council, composed of Aldermen Peirce, James, Brewster, Crane and Holbrook, with Councilmen James J. Cobb, Benjamin F. Palmer, T. R. Page, J. A. Warren, J. L. Henshaw, N. A. Thompson and F. E. Faxon, who had been appointed "to make suitable arrangements to celebrate the approaching anniversary of American Independence," having requested and received assurance of the cordial coöperation of His Honor the Mayor with them, entered upon the active discharge of their duties. After selecting the orator, chaplain, and reader of the Declaration of Independence, the remaining elements of the celebration were soon designated, and their completion allotted to different sub-committees. It had been deemed inexpedient by the Committee to attempt any elaborate decoration of the city upon this occasion; and consequently but few places of local or historical interest in addition to Faneuil Hall were distinguished by any unusual embellishment. The following are perhaps worthy of observation.

From the front windows of the City Hall stretched staffs supporting the various national flags, while from the cupola and either wing of the building streamed the stars and stripes. At the centre of the roof was arranged a cluster of flags, and numerous small flags and streamers adorned the balcony.

A double Roman arch, finely painted in fresco and gold, bearing upon its columns a display of armor, decorated the Park street entrance to the Common. At the centre of this arch rose the figure of Washington, while its front bore, as a motto, the memorable sentence uttered by the first Mayor of the City (Hon. John Phillips), "The object of our festivals is the perpetuity of our country's honor," and the reverse, "July 4, 1776."

From Faneuil Hall to Quincy Market stretched a banner bearing upon one side the motto, "The time that tried men's souls," and upon the other, the date, "July 4, 1776."

From Concert Hall to the opposite side of Court street reached the mottoes, "Forget not those who by their sufferings secured to you the blessings of this day," and "The eighty-second anniversary of American Independence."

From the site of the Old Green Dragon tavern extended the motto, "Our fathers met at the old Green Dragon to discuss the affairs of the nation, and there originated the Boston Tea Party, Dec. 16, 1773."

From the armory of the City Guard, across Winter street, the following was suspended: "American liberty was won by the valor of citizen soldiery. While the virtue of the people cherishes it, the patriotism of volunteer troops will sustain and regard it." On the reverse, "Boston City Guard, instituted Sept. 20th, 1821. *Semper paratus.*"

The morning of the 5th of July dawned as mildly clear and cloudlessly beautiful as could have been desired, and was welcomed by multitudes of citizens and strangers who from the earliest appearance of light had thronged the various thoroughfares, rendering them nearly impassable.

The first rays of the sun were greeted by the loud pealing of the bells from the different churches, and national salutes fired from the Common, Central Square, (East Boston,) and Telegraph Hill, (South Boston.)

At about half past six o'clock the police force which had

been detailed to preserve good order throughout the city during the day, assembled in the area fronting the City Hall, whence, after having been inspected by His Honor the Mayor, they dispersed to the various stations which had been assigned to them.

GRAND CONCERT.

At eight o'clock the Common was crowded with persons assembled to hear the grand concert, which had been arranged to take place under the direction of Mr. B. A. Burditt, of the Brigade Band. An orchestra, composed of the Boston Brass, Brigade, Metropolitan, and Germania Military bands, comprising in all more than eighty men, together with a detachment of the Light Artillery, who were present with field pieces to assist the bands, performed the following programme of music, after the preliminary execution of three grand chords, each chord being accompanied by a discharge from one of the field pieces.

1. Yankee Doodle, with solo variations by the leaders of the different bands.
2. Wood Up.
3. Washington's March.
4. Verdi's Anvil Chorus, with eight anvils.
5. Star Spangled Banner.
6. God save the Queen.
7. Marseilles Hymn.
9. The Turkish Song of Peace.
10. Hail Columbia, accompanied by the guns of the Artillery.

The salvos of artillery were in perfect unison with the music, and the whole concert, which terminated at about nine o'clock, was eminently successful, as was testified by the repeated loud and enthusiastic cheering of the surrounding masses.

CHILDREN'S CELEBRATION.

The pleasing recollections of the juvenile festival of the preceding year prompted the Committee to undertake a repetition upon a somewhat larger scale, the present year; they therefore solicited the Rev. Mr. Barnard and the associate teachers of the Warren Street Chapel to afford the benefit of their valuable and effective services, and the call met with a cordial and ready response.

A mammoth tent, capable of containing at least four thousand people, was erected at the south-east corner of the Public Garden, and within this was laid a floor sufficiently large for one thousand children to dance upon. In the centre of the tent were stationed the Germania Orchestral Band, which furnished music for those who chose to dance, and the Germania Military Band, which afforded music of a more suitable character for promenading.

From the early hour of about seven and one-half o'clock, at which hour the Garden was thrown open, until evening, the tent was thronged, and every species of dance performed. Conspicuous among the dances was the "French Peasants' Dance," executed by twelve young girls dressed in red, with blue trimmings, white aprons, high-heeled shoes, and straw hats. Another tent at no great distance was devoted entirely to flowers, which in bouquets, wreaths, and every variety of beautiful forms, were dealt out to the children in boundless profusion, an unusually large supply having been kindly contributed from the city proper and the adjacent towns. Amusements of every description were provided, including swings, whirlrounds, flies, kites, grace-hoops, balls, &c., which afforded the children endless satisfaction. Various small tents were dispersed about the grounds, from which refreshments were dispensed. Upon the island in the small pond in the centre of the Garden had been erected a tower, whence fire balloons were at intervals sent off, while within the tower a boy,

dressed in imitation of a wild beast, caused much merriment to those around by his fanciful contortions. Near by, a large windmill sufficed to keep at work a shoemaker mending a shoe, a man sawing wood, two men grinding an axe, and a woman churning. A large camera obscura was situated in a small house by the eastern mall, which was visited by many persons, young and old.

At twelve o'clock the children joined in singing numerous songs to the accompaniment of the band, together with the following original ode, written expressly for the occasion by Dr. Thomas W. Parsons.

Call us early in the morning — call us early, mother mine,
When the sun is at the window, when the bird is on the vine;
For to-morrow, oh! to-morrow, of the year 's the happiest day;
Independence! Independence! July Fourth! hooray! hooray!

Children, wake! The swallows' music mingles with the morning bells,
From a thousand hills in chorus the rejoicing echo swells;
'T is to-day that was to-morrow, and the summer sun is high;
'T is the holiday of nations — 't is the Fourth day of July!

Up, my boys! the bells are ringing; flags are fluttering on the mast;
Men are shouting! girls are singing! Liberty has come at last!
Set your merry fountain flowing! spout, old Frog Pond, steeple high!
Hark! the guns are gayly going! 'T is the Fourth day of July!

Boys of Boston, think of Warren! think of Bunker Hill to-day!
Let the memory of your grandsires mingle with your noisy play;
If our clime be bleak and barren, yet there shines no brighter sky
Than the God of battles gave us for the Fourth day of July.

Not alone for our New England, not alone for these fair States,
Was this blessed morn created, by His hand, that all creates:
When the last oppression faileth, when mankind shall all be free,
Then this day, by every nation, shall be held a Jubilee!

Excellent order was preserved by the police force throughout the Garden during the day, no cigar-smoking, firing of crackers, or boisterous conduct being allowed. Including the adults, at least seventy thousand people must have visited the Garden, thirty thousand tickets having been issued to the pupils of the Boston schools and the schools of the neighboring towns.

Everything wore an agreeable and pleasing aspect, and when eight o'clock, the hour for closing the Garden, had arrived, the multitude departed, delighted with the entertainment they had enjoyed, and regretting its termination.

PROCESSION.

Punctually at ten o'clock the procession was formed by Jonas H. French, Esq., Chief Marshal, assisted by Assistant Marshals David F. McGilvray, J. Avery Richards, George S. Walker, Nathaniel C. Stearns, John S. Moulton, John B. Neal, Abel Horton, George W. Forristall, E. P. Wilbur, J. Willard Rice, Micah Dyer, Jr., J. B. Parker, Geo. E. Gregg, George A. Batchelder, John Prince, and Albert H. Lewis, all mounted, according to the programme published several days previous, with the civic portion upon School street, the Fire Department upon State street, and the Internal Health Department upon Milk street. The procession was quickly formed, owing to the energy and exactitude of movement which characterize the Chief Marshal and his Assistants, and moved forward in the following order, a detachment of mounted police preceding, to clear the streets: First, the Military Escort, the Boston City Guards, numbering fifty-six muskets, commanded by Captain Isaac F. Shepard, and accompanied by the Germania Military Band; next came, seated in carriages to the number of fifty, and preceded by the Boston Brigade Band, His Honor Mayor Lincoln and the Board of Aldermen, the Common Council, the Orator, Chaplain, and Reader of the Declaration of Independence, the Sheriff of Suffolk County, His Excellency the Governor, with his Military Staff, State functionaries, past members of the City Government, District Attorney for the County of Suffolk, with other legal officers and the various civic officers; then, preceded by the Metropolitan Brass Band, followed the Fire Department, in the following order:

Chief Engineer George W. Bird and aids, mounted.

Eagle Engine Co. No. 3, Captain Edward Milliken, 34 men.

Cataract Engine Co. No. 4, Captain R. B. Farrar, 42 men.

Melville Engine Co. No. 6, Captain Calvin C. Wilson, 38 men.

Boston Engine Co. No. 8, Captain Benjamin Tarbox, 43 men.

Warren Hook and Ladder Co. No. 1, 25 men.

Loud's North Weymouth Brass Band, followed by Assistant Engineers and

Washington Hose Co. No. 1, Captain C. E. Danton, 20 men.

Union Hose Co. No. 2, Captain M. A. Thompson, 18 men.

Dunbar Engine Co. No. 10, Captain George A. Tucker, 32 men.

Barnicoat Engine Co. No. 11, Captain James H. Gibson, 41 men.

Hall's Boston Brass Band, Assistant Engineers, and

Tremont Engine Co. No. 12, Captain Oliver R. Robbins, 40 men.

Webster Engine Co. No. 13, Captain H. Weston, 39 men.

[Perkins Engine Co., No. 1; Mazeppa, No. 2; Extinguisher, No. 5; Tiger, No. 7; Maverick, No. 9; Spinney, No. 14; Franklin Hose Co., No. 3; Chester, Suffolk, and Deluge Hose Cos.; Washington and Franklin Hook and Ladder Cos., Nos. 2 and 3, for some unknown reason did not appear.]

Next to them, and commanded by Foreman Charles Cutter, came the Internal Health Department of the city, to the number of seventy-one men, mounted upon the horses owned and worked by the city, followed by a wagon drawn by two horses which had worked for the city the greatest number of years, in which were seated the four men who had been attached to the Department for the longest period.

The procession moved from the City Hall through School street, Tremont, Park, Beacon, Charles, Pleasant, Washington, Oak, Harrison avenue, Essex to Winter street, where the Firemen and Internal Health Department withdrew, while the remaining portion passed on to the Music Hall, which they reached at about half past eleven o'clock.

The fine soldierly bearing and military aspect of the City Guards gave ample testimony of the strict discipline which they must have observed, and elicited the warmest commendations from the spectators upon the route of the procession.

The Firemen, neatly dressed in plain but serviceable uniforms, with their engines gayly decked with flowers, made a fine display. But perhaps the most noticeable, as it was the most novel feature of the procession, was the Internal Health Department, the men presenting an excellent appearance as they sat, dressed in plain white frocks with black hats, upon horses of more than ordinary size, whose good condition indicated the excellent care bestowed upon them by the efficient Superintendent of this Department, Ezra Forristall, Esq.

The four men seated in the wagon were Robert McNinck, in the service of the city 26 years, 10 months; Anthony O'Brine, 26 years, 4 months; Patrick Learned, 23 years, 3 months; John Curren, 21 years.

While of the horses which drew the wagon, "Black Jim" had served the city twenty-two years, and "Old Colt" twenty years, and both seemed still capable of performing any work they might be called upon to do.

After the procession had reached the Music Hall, and while the company were seating themselves, the Brigade Band performed a voluntary, at the conclusion of which, four hundred of the public school children sang in a most thrilling manner, under the direction of Mr. Charles Butler, and accompanied upon the organ by Mr. H. M. Dow, the chant,

" Oh sing unto the Lord a new song,
 For He hath done marvellous things.
 The Lord declared his salvation,
 His righteousness hath He openly showed in the sight of the heathen.
 Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all ye lands;
 Sing, rejoice and give thanks.
 With trumpets and shawms,
 Oh show yourselves joyful before the Lord the King.
 Let the floods clap their hands, and
 Let the hills be joyful together before the Lord;
 For He cometh to judge the earth.
 With His own right hand, and with His holy arm
 Hath He gotten himself the victory.
 He hath remembered His mercy and truth
 Toward the house of Israel;
 And all the ends of the world have seen
 The salvation of our God.
 Praise the Lord upon the harp;
 Sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving.
 Let the sea make a noise,
 And all that therein is;
 The round world, and they that dwell therein.
 With righteousness shall He judge the world,
 And the people with equity. Amen, Amen."

Prayer was now offered by the Rev. Dr. Lothrop, chaplain of the day.

After this the choir sang the following original ode, written for the occasion by Howard M. Ticknor, Esq.

ODE.

Fourscore and two long years ago
 An old bell rapid swung,*
 Proclaiming Hope and Liberty
 With rich, sonorous tongue.
 High heaven the great vibration felt,
 Far echo answered clear;
 And a broad land's most distant verge
 Caught up the tones of cheer.
 Then to arms rushed our sires,
 Sped the cannon's quick fires,
 The patriot's sword glowed bright;
 From strand to strand
 The beacon brand
 Waved red through the kindling night.

*The signing of the Declaration of Independence was first made publicly known by the ringing of the "Liberty Bell" upon the State House in Philadelphia.

To-day from steeple and from tower
 Goes out the chime of bells;
 Through city street and country vale,
 Their murmurous music swells.
 To-day the cannon's brazen throat
 Pours forth a mighty sound;
 The cattle of a thousand hills
 Start from the trembling ground.
 Let the clarion's firm blast
 Bear the fame of the past
 In full exultant lays;
 In chorus bold
 Be proudly told
 The splendor of coming days!

Our fathers sowed in bitter tears,
 In joy we reap the grain;
 We glory in our ease and wealth —
 Forget their toil and pain.
 May booming gun and pealing bell
 Remind us of their life,
 Prolonged in truth and honesty,
 Or lost in Freedom's strife.
 Then America's name
 On the records of Fame
 Shall blaze forever bright;
 'Neath every sky
 Her flag shall fly
 In colors of fadeless light!

Mr. Daniel K. Ford, a graduate of the Boston free schools, now read the "Declaration of Independence."

After "Hail Columbia" had been sung by the choir, with an accompaniment by the band, John S. Holmes, Esq., pronounced the oration of the day.

At the close of the oration the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung by the choir, accompanied by the band, and after a benediction by the chaplain, the services closed, and the procession, reforming, marched to Faneuil Hall to enjoy the dinner which awaited them.

Subsequent to the exercises, but previous to the departure from the Hall, His Honor the Mayor addressed the children in a few brief and pertinent remarks, alluding to the events which this day commemorated, and the duties which their remembrance of those events should incite them to perform.

After the address, the children were escorted to Chapman Hall to partake of a collation which had there been provided for them.

BALLOON ASCENSIONS.

The Committee to whom had been entrusted the duty of providing suitable balloon ascensions, had secured the services of Mr. John Wise, an old and experienced aeronaut, and his son Charles. It had originally been contemplated to send off three balloons, the "Old America," freighted with books, pamphlets, letters, &c., the "Ganymede" with Mr. Charles Wise, and the "Jupiter" with Mr. John Wise. From some unforeseen and unexplained cause the Old America burst during the process of inflation, which of course rendered it useless.

The inflation of the "Ganymede," a large, orange-shaped, buff-colored balloon, holding eleven thousand feet of gas, was commenced shortly after two o'clock, and completed about four, when Mr. Charles Wise coolly stepped into the small wicker basket attached to the balloon, and the cords being detached, rose, narrowly escaping the trees, in a north-westerly direction for some distance, when suddenly meeting an easterly current of air, he sailed over the harbor, where he discharged a considerable quantity of ballast, in consequence of which he took the inward current, and shortly before six o'clock descended safely in Malden Centre.

The "Jupiter," a balloon similar to the Ganymede, except in point of size, being capable of holding twenty-five thousand feet of gas, was not inflated until about half past five o'clock. Mr. Wise, accompanied by the Secretary of the Committee and Mr. Lyman W. Brittan, as passengers, then took positions in the car, which was about five feet long by three feet wide and two feet deep, and, bidding adieu to the specta-

tors, thousands of whom covered the Common, started upon their aerial course. First drifting towards Cambridge, the voyagers rose to a greater height, by dispensing with some of their ballast, and floated towards the harbor; thence they came inland, and, after being wafted about in various directions, descended in a small piece of woodland in Melrose, at about half past seven o'clock. Each balloon bore its name painted in large letters upon its surface, in addition to which, the Jupiter was distinguished by the motto of Mr. Wise, "*Astra castra, numen lumen.*" Both ascensions were entirely successful, and afforded great satisfaction to the multitudes who witnessed them.

FIREWORKS.

Messrs. Sanderson & Lanergan had been engaged to furnish a display of fireworks, and the greatest precaution had been taken to prevent the occurrence of accidents.

Soon after sunset a discharge of rockets announced the commencement of the exhibition, and continued until nine o'clock, when they were succeeded by a display of Protean fires, and a flight of torbillons.

The first great piece was styled the "Reveille of Independence," having the word "Independence" conspicuously displayed in the centre of the piece in letters of azure fire, while the discharge of shells, rockets, mines, petards, &c., presented a most brilliant and dazzling appearance. This piece was followed by a representation of the battle of Bunker Hill and the burning of Charlestown, embracing a view of the redoubts upon the hill, the attack by the ships and men, and the final burning of the town.

The exhibition concluded with a piece entitled the "Liberty Cap," representing England and America connected by the telegraph, in the centre of which shone conspicuously the first message ever transmitted, "On earth peace, good will towards men." There were also during the whole exhibition continu-

ous discharges of shells, rockets, candles, &c., affording a constant illumination. In addition to the display upon the Common, exhibitions of fireworks were also provided at East and South Boston, which were entirely successful and closed the public celebration of the day.